

THE SACRIFICE.

TREGO.

THY CROSS ALONE.

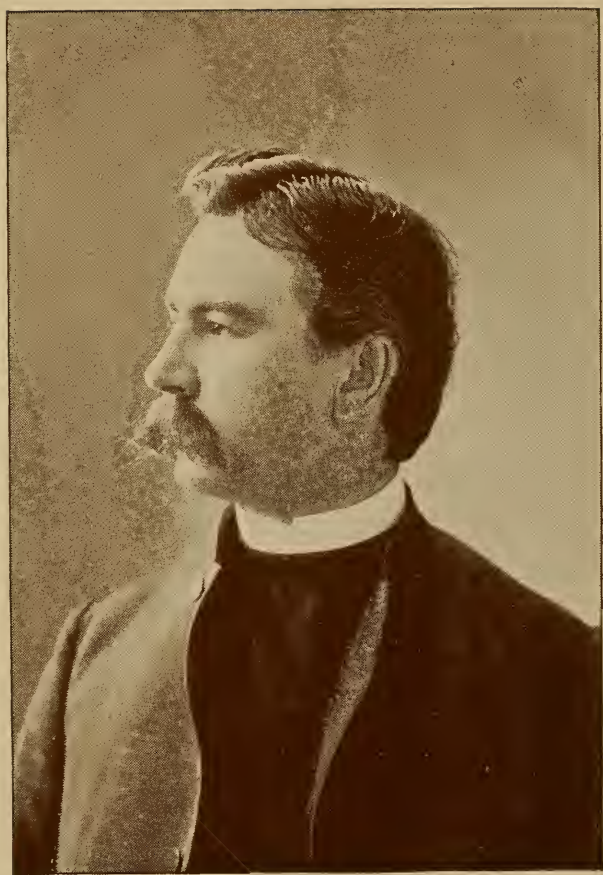
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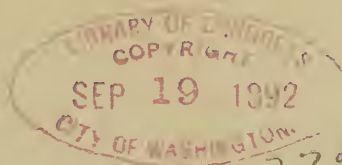
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THE SACRIFICE.

AN EPIC.

BY THE

REV. BENJ. T. TREGO., B.D.



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DEDICATION.

To the friend, who became, and proved to be such,
even in time of weakness and discouragement, I dedi-
cate THE SACRIFICE.

*“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like
unto my sorrow.”—SAM. I. 12.*

PROEM.

“God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—GAL. VI. 14.

THY CROSS ALONE.

Lo, on Thy Cross, Oh Christ, I gaze
 In meditation, prayer, and praise,
 My thoughts to Thee, The Christ, I raise,
 Thy Cross alone.

Teach me to live as Thou didst live,
 Naught for myself, myself to give,
 My willing sacrifice receive.
 Thy Cross alone.

How Thou, Incarnate, came to be,
 Though steeped in gross humility,
 The Saviour of Mankind, e'en me.
 Thy Cross alone.

In Thy humility, most low,
 Glory most high, in deepest woe
 When unto Golgotha didst go.
 Thy Cross alone.

All temp'ral power was naught to Thee,
All temp'ral glory could not be
Temptation, Thee Thy Cross to flee.

Thy Cross alone.

Oh, may I glory, not in fame,
Worldly ambition, in the same
As that Apostle, and proclaim
Thy Cross alone.

PREFACE.

"THE SACRIFICE" is only a study, not an effort, much less to say an attempt at something worthy of a subject so sublime. It is put in print by the urgent request of friends, most dear, who learned of its execution as they learned of the way in which I spent my hours of leisure apart from my regular parish work. In humility and prayer, that this, my study, may but lead some soul to realize the saving grace vested in His voluntary sacrifice, I submit "THE SACRIFICE" to the patience of its readers.

THE AUTHOR.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY,

Detroit, Michigan.

AUGUST, 1892.

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THE SACRIFICE.

INTRODUCTION.

Night grew apace. In sleep found I no rest
But tossed, like troubled billows, 'bout my head,
Yet slumbering, thus between the sense of sleep
And waking, that Judgment, the rule to gain,
With vain Imagination fiercely strove,
While mem'ry furnished both with visions past.
Then opened wide mine eyes and gazed, as one
Uncertain of his whereabouts, asleep
Or waking, or what be my state of mind
Puzzled much my senses to discover.
But soon, as if some power invisible
Soothed with potent hand my fevered brow
I lay at ease beholding still a form.
Form true it was, though faintly visible,
Truly a body seemed it to possess,
Ethereal in kind, of matter rid,

Affording habitation for the ghost.*
My room dark, its illuminous person
Shone in greater splendor than in day,
For of't since then th' spirit confined therein,
To me in whisper spake, when to the eye
It's ghostly body was invisible.
Deaf silence reigned supreme. He looked on me
And I on him, as if we to converse
Did need no other means than mutual glance,
Until, with quiv'ring lips, I finally asked
The reason of this scene. To which replied
The stranger to my room and 'customed sense
His mission upon earth. And thus he spake :
" My son. O ! youth so tender, sensitive,
Fear not, but listen thou with constant ear
While to thy timid mind I do reveal
A task surpassing quite its fervent strength."
Then I, with reverential awe, " Speak ! speak !"
" There lies a tale untold," began he then,
" Whose depth of sorrow and whose weight of woe
Is far more sad than any I have versed.
While of its substance,—all mankind concerned—
Four great ones, much before my time they lived,

*Spirit.

In fewest words and scenes, did once relate.
A plain interpretation of their words
In harmony of scene and incident
For comprehension fair there still remains ”
“ And that thoud'st have me do ? ” I queried thus.
“ E'en so.” He.
“ But why, oh why ! ” Exclaimed I then in dread,
“ Did'st thou accomplish not this weighty task,
Who e'en in this the strength of all surpassed ?
Oh ! thou most excellent in tragic verse
And potent in the lore of character,
Whose eye pierced quite the depths of human thought
And attributes of individuals
In common penetrate', that Jew, or Greek,
Or Savage breast in truth portrayed and art
In natural semblance hid ; nor rank, nor sex,
Nor age escaped thy grasp, diversities,
E'en all, not less, the supernatural.
And too, upon the fort of whose great brain
A thousand spirits seemed to touch with grace,
That thou from brute to spirit aptly ranged—
Reflecting all creation in its truth.
Then why, oh why ! did'st thou leave this untouched ? ”
He then to me. “ Rightly hast thou questioned,

Oh son, of trembling will. But listen thou,—
Oft times, and much, with solemn thought I dwelt
Upon that greatest tragedy of man,
And fain would, with imagination, trace
Each scene, each incident, each word, and act,
And every circumstance that borders 'round
That central fact of human history.
Strength did I implore from foreign climes,
Where fair celestial spirits often sing
Of things beyond the knowledge of mankind,
That I the hem of His God-will might touch,
And of that nature faintly comprehend
Who sanctified obedience to His God :
That I of Him, in modest praise might tell,
The Incarnation of that Love Divine,
How He from birth 'till death through temptings great
And pain, did live His Father's will on earth.
But halting, still I failed, and found my mind
Less capable, as more I did conceive
The superhuman strength therein required
To tell of Him, the Archetype of Man.
Yet living, hoped some day to sing, till death
Cut short my will to execute the task.
But thou, oh son, fear not the bold attempt

In all humility, which, though thou fail'st
Perfection to achieve, will bless thy soul
With meditations grand ; and I thy lines
Will grace, while only He, the Holy Ghost
Thine inspiration be, and Christ thy Guide.
Thus I. “ Oh, father, thou incarnation
Of dramatic art, accompany th' way
As I with fainting breath and trembling limb
Presume to trespass on such holy ground.
And Thou, oh Holy Spirit, most holy
Righteous, sacred power, be though my strength
And nerve this weakest frame to do Thy will,
Inspire me to the duty left undone.
And Thou, oh Christ, most blessed Lord and Guide
Oh pardon Thou my vain attempt to sing
Of Thee, Thy sacred Cross, Thy Passion dread,
And in my song but teach me more of Thee.
And Thou, oh Father, God, Almighty, Thou,
May I in this but sacrifice my will
And imitate Thine Own Beloved Son.
Bless'd Trinity, Father, Son and Spirit
Three Persons, One True God, Thy will be done.

Then take again the harp and o'er its cords

Let blow the zephyrs of the tragic lay :
And may none touch that come, and not from realms
That praise alone celestial truth, divine,
For sure, of all things else, the most sublime
Is that which now shall occupy our mind.
What bard would sing of Him and not His Cross ?
Obedience not complete, temptation
Not o'er come, until that trial had passed.
His Cross, the symbol of His kingdom fair
All kneeling at its foot need not despair.

CANTO I.

.....

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

“ Most cheerful news my worthy Euclides.”
“ All things be cheerful in Jerusalem.
When here the dignitaries of God’s Church
Volumptuously do feast on money
Rung from the horny fisted peasantry.
Look you, Stratocles. Say ! shall yonder sun
Which now in his majestic orb doth come
From eastern climes to spread his wings of gold,
O’er these our realms, again illuminate
These holy towers and walls, this chosen spot,
Where God in His Omnipotence be praised,
And find in her so great a multitude
To keep the paschal feast ? I say thee nay !
Then Stratocles thus. “ Harken, Euclides
This e’en may be the last Passover held

Within these Holy walls. For e'en this day
Him whom the woman in Samaria
At Jacob's well did meet shall hither come.
Peradventure, claim Messianic rights ?
If so, no longer shall God be confined
And, in yonder sacred temple worshipped,
For, said He to her—I of her this gained—
' Nor in this mountain nor Jerusalem
Shall ye the Father worship. But in truth
And spirit shall they worship Him whom He
The Father seeketh. God a spirit is
And, too, in spirit shall ye worship Him.'
Furthermore, He who to her thus did speak
Revealed Himself the Christ, and told her all.
If He come ; this day shall be remembered
Throughout the world and ages all, etern'.
Then Euclides : " Oh, thou Jerusalem,
And thou most Holy Temple, Holy Place,
E'en seven times and ten have flowed thy tears
Until their briny flood, when Juda's sword
Did smite, might then the evil flame have quenched.
Oh ! Thou of most importance in the world
To which, thy sieges oft, do testify,
Shall ye, Jerusalem and Temple both

No longer be of Israel's unity
The centre, as which, all alike do point
Thy patriotism, religion, hope,
Thy history? For thus is prophesied.
E'en now, a darker cloud has not thy streets
O'er shadowed than this which from yon'd Roman
Heights draws near with an angry sable hue,
Yet, still we'll wait and hope. The dawn is near.—
But look thou, Stratocles, the multitude,
The Gallilean rabble: see, they swarm
With branches in their hands betokening
Their hope of peace. And listen—what they cry!"
A moment's pause, their conversation ceased
While they with ear intent to catch a word
Explanatory of th' excited throng.
Then Stratocles: "Hosanna?—Hosanna.
Truly that I hear. Hosanna! They cry.
Denote their course. They move toward Olivet.
From that direction and upon this day
The Gallilean Prophet is to come.—
Shall we with them go forth to meet their King?"
Exchange of words, and they had joined the throng
Which moved in rapid pace toward Kedron's vale,
That stream which flows between the Holy Mount

And great Jerusalem, with glorious
Welcome for Him who came to conquer man
And not, as they expected, Jury's King
As heir of David's royal line, came He.
He came a true Messiah of His race
Not in conquests proud, in war triumphant
But meek, to conquer by His rule of peace.
Then spake my guide to me of things had passed,
" Oh! son. How solemn and of pathos full
Was that event upon the eve before
When Jesus e'en at Simon's house did sup,
Fair Bethany the place, with Lazarus
Whom He did love and from his tomb had raised,
Bar Timaeus, who followed in the way
When he had gained his sight. With Mary too,
Martha, Judas, and the rest of the Jews,
Much people, who, His power when learned, believed.
That eve' when Mary, who had from His lips
That prophesy, in parable, received
By which He told in fullness, of His life,
His mission and His death. How He should give
His life a ransom for our souls, how He
As Shepherd of His flock, e'en would for them
His life lay down, brought forth that precious nard

Long time reserved for that Disease* of which
He often spake, His body to anoint,
Quite apt, aforehand for the burying.
This done in sorrow, faith, devotion, joined,
Her deed made precious, so in every age
It lives of her a fair memorial.
But mark ! As ever doth the shadow grow
Apace with light, so Judas' mind waxed dark
As brighter grew the ray of Mary's love.
For as she knew the nearness of His Death
And loved the more, he hated as he learned
Of His Betrayal dawning nearer on.
Thus, Judas, little caring for the poor
He did the mask of charity assume.
For selfish use, with passion covetous
He had denied the Saviour of her love.
But He, with sadness inexpressible
Yet patient, gentle, tender, true, replied
'Let her alone.' What waste could ever be
Though lavish all in love on Him, the Christ ?
Now listen thou, and may His Church this heed,
That He, Himself made poor for many's wealth,
Converted e'en that falsely-spoken plea,

*His Crucifixion.

To plea in truth for service to His poor.
All this in Bethany. In council met
Those fearing in Jerusalem His power.
And Caiaphas, high priest, did prophesy
His death, for the salvation of mankind ;
And gave commandment, if His place be known
To take Him, thus preventing further fear.
Their scheming foiled, for not until His hour
Could man against the Christ and His do aught.
With knowledge of His future suffering
With true majestic calm He toward it moved."
So spake my guide while I gave heedful note.

Now He, who at first did from a sudden
Proclamation of Himself, His office
And His power refrain; so that what He taught
Might in the hearts of men, like seed, take root
And for His Kingdom's sake bear holy fruit,
Did give command, that in Bethpage, an ass,
Of Peace a symbol, when they found, to loose
And bring to Him, The Lord, who did it need.
Upon the colt they did their garments spread
And Jesus now, The Christ, great Israel's King,
The true Messiah, long expected, come,

They placed thereon ; and, of their shoulder wraps
Along the rough path did a carpet form,
The lov'd John, apparently a youth,
Did Him precede, and Peter by His side,
While front and back the rest, disciples all,
Quite dazzled in a light, like in a dream they walked
Procession like, as if by need impelled,
Did not conceive the substance of ' these things,'
Nor, till! a later day did comprehend
The meaning of each passing grave event,
But, with the rest, they branches from the trees
Along the way did strew, as in the days
When did their ancestors for Mordecai
Who from Ahasuerus' palace gates
Did then proceed, their myrtle twigs and robes :
Or, as the Persians did, the great Xerxes,
About to cross the Hellespont, bestow
Upon Him honor, so did they,
And only when they saw from Jury's town,
The multitude advance, with stems of palm
And praises, greeting their Messiah, King,
Were they enthusiastic o'er the scene.
" Hosanna!" cried the throng as they approached
" Hosanna!" from the Messianic psalm,

“ Save now, and Blessed He who in the name
Of Lord doth come, to David’s son and Heir,
Hosanna, and glory in the highest.”
To this effect, and partly in these words
Ascended cheers from voices in the throng
Quite all, excepting pharisees who went
Together, with the press, but envy bore,
And jealous dread, lest He their power o’erthrow.
And so, there leaped from heart to heart the flame
Of praise, that kindled every tongue to words
Of cheer and welcome, to their promised Lord,
Who, now moved on, surrounded as by troops,
Toward His scene of conquest, and their hope.
Yet not like earthly monarchs advanced He,
With spoil and captives like in chidden train,
But meek and lowly He, with sword and spear
Of love, each heart to pierce. The lame He cured
Did leap, the dumb made song of joy, the blind,
Restored to sight, were first to see His might.
And now, when rounding south of Olivet
In sight of David’s city they had come,
With joy increased the shout of praise, went up
Wavelike along the much increased defile
Their richer acclamations, to behold,

Bridelike adorned, Jerusalem to meet
And welcome to her gates her promised King.
The Pharisees, now mingled with the crowd,
Had vainly tried their acclamations loud
To silence, tiger-like, with baffled hope,
And angry frowns to one another turn :
Too, with usual taunts and reproaches dire,
When malice does with disappointment meet,
Their rage impotent on each other falls,
In words, with passion, thus : " Perceive ye not
How ye to no effect prevail ? Behold !
How all the world doth follow after Him !"
And now, retaliation come to naught,
They turn, as helpless supplicants, to Him,
In whose favor the words of cheer ascend,
Whom they do hate with adder's zeal, and make
Appeal most desperate, that He might check
The honest heartiness of them He loved.
Thus they in deep humiliation cry :
" Rebuke, oh, Master, these Thy followers."
He who had in silence most majestic
Ridden, amidst excitement, quite unmoved,
With arm extended now, with jesture grave
And pointing to the rocks that lay around,

With eyes on Israel's leaders firmly fixed
To their request prophetically replied :
" I tell you that, if these their peace
Should hold, immediately, mark it well,
The very stones themselves would then cry out."
Forth they moved. The hum of many voices
Filled the air. While Pharisee in hatred
Pressed his nether lip, his cursing deepened
As higher rose the acclamations grand.
Of multitude when broke upon their sight
The Temple's walls of white, so vast, its courts,
With glit'ring gold in city of their God ;
Where also castles towering high, were seen,
And Herod's massive walls in meadows green.
E'en like in later day burst forth the cry
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! when first
The crusades viewed with high delight her towers.
But oh ! with what o'erwhelming woe, the scene,
Him, who for her bore love divine, impressed.
For where He brought the moving train to stand
A generation more, would be encamped,
To raise her splendor then beheld, to ground.
The sieging force of Rome a part, destined.
Knowing well her future, He, now as man,

In sadness dense while silence reigned around
Put forth His hand, and from His eyes burst forth
Hot tears as He the warning to pronounce
Thus, weeping, spake: "If even thou, at least
In this thy day, oh, thou, Jerusalem
The things which do unto thy peace belong
Had known (this thy purposed visitation.)
But even from thine eyes they now are hid.
For, thou shalt at my coming e'en reject
That safety in thy Messiah vested.
For soon shall come the days when even Rome,
The last beast named,* shall compass round thy walls
And cast a trench, invest thy sides, and lay
Thee even with the ground. Thy ruined towers
The gory bodies of thy children all
Shall within thee bury, while not one stone
Let stand, nor fail to witness of thy sin,
For thou hast failed to know the time when God
Through Me to thee, salvation did afford.
My tears shall flow for generations hence
In pleading with My Church on thy behalf."
Unlike the days when silence He enjoined
He now, His true Messiahship asserts,

*Daniel vii, 7.

And o'er the Kedron quickly winds His way
Until, beyond, the city gates are reached.
The streets were draped in festival attire,
And all was ready for His entering.
He passed where now St. Stephen's portals are
And on the way the myriads did join,
The crowd that held the slopes of Olivet,
Till thus in slow advance the great throng swelled
Fair Jury's narrow streets, and from her roofs
And windows all, excited voices cried,
In question of the cause of such a scene.
"Who is this?" they most eagerly did ask.
From lip to lip the question seemed to spread
As wild contagion and excitement grew.
"Who is this?" too, in under tone was heard
As Pharisee each other's sleeve did pluck.
"Who is this?" Well might Caiaphas have asked
But mingled with conspirators whose dread
Supported envy and intrigue, he sought,
How he might subtly divert from Him
The multitudinous train; some plot lay
To take Christ unawares, now fearing much
Such final steps, for many favored Him.
"Who is this?" continuing still the cry,

Until the loud hosannas fainter grew
And in the presence of established power,
And wordly, that the voices quite subdued,
Now made reply, as from their purpose swayed,
“Jesus, a prophet, come from Galilee.”
Oh, fickle mob, oh Eastern populace
Shifted about, by prejudicial winds.
Indeed, in weakness God would show His strength,
Or else why choose that nation for His palm?
And now before the temple He dismounts.
The crowd dispersed in quiet. Thus He made
Of their enthusiasm and high zeal
No politic use. Thus in life and words
A fatal blow to Jewish slander struck.
As like a conquerer, He comprehends
The vantage of His ground. In temple grand,
With sadest countenance, and brow, He stands.
The tear marks made when He did prophesy
The downfall of His Father’s House, remain.
Alone and silent now. The multitude
Had sought their evening meal, there He was left,
Save ling’ring near His chosen twelve. Thus He :
“Oh, holy city, fair Jerusalem.
And this thy temple soon shall mark a change

E'en in the life of chosen Israel.
As Antiochus made thy children vow
To Zeus, then his heathen god, and forced
Them on the brazen altar of their Lord
The flesh of swine to sacrifice, while they,
Not only this to tolerate, compelled,
An active part in foreign rites to take
When service of their own he did forbid.
A wholesome discipline for them it was
And did their former spirit much revive,
Which they soon lost. And now the trials that come
Shall cause them to relent, but all too late.
Thy sceptre in another's hand shall sway.
Though Pompey spared thy walls, and of their dead
Them cleansed, and soon thy worship did resume:
And Herod, even with his sword forbade
Th' Roman soldiery attempt to enter,
Yet soon that foe approaching, images
Of their gods shall in thee place, thus profane.
But far more dreadful for thee, oh, Temple,
And thou Jerusalem when direful flames
Destroy, and all thy children made to serve.
Then think of Me, oh, city of my love,
Who came to use thee for a better cause

And place upon thy breast the shield of peace
Than service for the world. But now, alas!
Thine ashes, soon shall not e'en bear thy name,
So quick thou art forgotten by the mass."
Thus: Then unto the twelve that stand near by.
"Come, friends, we'll hence to peaceful scenes and rest,
Once more to Bethany. Jerusalem
Endangers Me, my hour is not yet come."
Then went they forth in shadowed mystery
Not well posed of thoughts that compassed Him
Their Guide, nor understanding why He grieved,
Who had in triumph entered, now to leave,
That city of fair Jury's boastful pride.
But well they marked that o'er His brow there came
Expression sad, apace with evening shades
That marred the brightness of the temple's dome.
The sun was setting low, in prophesy
Like as to note the gloom that now began
That Temple, which in three days He might build
If 'twere dissolved, its caput' to surround.
Thus closed a day in great Jerusalem,
Exalted high upon her table land,
Breathing a sweet and fragrant mountain air,
Which joyed the hearts of tribes when gathered there,

The throne from which was thought Jehovah viewed
The countries of the world, whose kings surpassed
In height the kings on earth, and from whose towers
One might the midland sea and Hebron view.
The Paschal Lamb, now separated quite
Withdrew in prayer, to consecrate the night.

CANTO II.

THE TEMPLE.

Night passed,—The Son of God in silent prayer
Communed with Father of the coming day,
What service yet to render to His will,—
And as she threw her sable cloak aside
Dawn broke upon a much excited world.
The populace, with eager ear, looked forth
To hours of fair instruction from the Lord
Who now throughout Judea was well known
As Redeemer of the dead. Lazarus
Whom, from his tomb He had to life brought back
No less, was thought a wonder to behold.
The great Sanhedron jealous, and with fear
Did tremble when the orb of day, his light
Symbolical of rising truth, displayed,
Lest might appear in Him o'erwhelming power

Despoiling subtle schemes. Day waxing fair,
The Saviour with His twelve, found on their way
A hungered from the fast of yesternight,
At the house of Mark, most like', to share their meal,
When suddenly, a tree, which in advance
Of normal circumstance, well leafed, they spied,
But bear no fruit thereon. To it thus He :
“ Henceforth and forever, let no man eat
Of thee, nor bear thou fruit, but barren be.”
He who for self would not of stone make bread
With godly power, to teach mankind, an act
With true sympathy did then perform,
To illustrate the power of faith with God,
And how great Israel apparent' green,
Did bear no fruit, but barren to His will,
Thus warning them, by type, of their decline.
Then on to scenes of greater hue advance
To Temple desecrated and profaned
Where not for God alone but greedy gain
Assembled traffickers of priestly cast
To mart their doves, for poorer offerings,
And some spoil gain, in change of foreign coin.
The day waxed high. Three million people swarmed
The Holy City, and the Temple's court

Was quite augmented with the passing crowd,
The Saviour enters there, and much surprised
Authorities and all, when He began
His Father's business to complete on earth.
And now as if to duplicate the act
Which introduced His ministry,* again
To end the same He would with zeal enforce
The recognition of God's holy house.
Around were seated those, who selling doves
And those, the money changers, traffickers,
Pharisaic all, who, with tables fixed,
Did, thieflike, make their central den for trade
In consecrated walls.
Jesus entered there, and, with eyes intent
Upon the loathsome scene, He thus began :
“ Ye priests in guise of God's chief ministers,
I judge ye by your deeds. Nefarious
And full of deadly sin, ye do convert
Your offices of trust, to profiting.
Your well worn subjects now, in truth, protest
And do denounce your dire hypocrisy.
At my command the populace will rise,
With indignation seated on each brow

*St. John, 11-13.

And cast you headlong into crowded streets.
Go! I bid you. Nor through the Temple pass.
What says the Scripture? ye who mark its rule,
'My house the house of prayer be called,' and ye
Of this, His house, have made a den for thieves."
With beaten countenance and angry brow
Thieflike they stole away, with shoulders couched
In fear of those who now proclaimed Him King.
The Temple cleansed, He there remained to teach
And heal the lame and blind who sought His aid.
In wrath waxed strong the priestly dignities
As waned their power before His mighty sway.
The cheer of welcome He, the day before,
When passing Jury's portals, did receive,
Rang out in clear accent, in children's cry.
With "Hosanna to the Son of David!"
With brow most choleric the Pharisee
And Sadusee alike in silence stood,
Quite vexed, and near bewildered at the scene,
What action now to take, and best, they scanned
Until rebuked by accidents they found
Their only hope was now to make appeal
To Him whom they'd deny the children's praise,
Thus they: "Hearest thou not what these do say?"

As if to 'mind Him of humility,
And so prevent the honors thus bestowed.
But He to them replied: "Yea, verily.
And note mine honors gained, by them ascribed.
And have ye not in those your Scriptures read,
Wherin ye mark the letter, note ye then,
' Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou
Jehovah, hast perfected praise,' say they,
' That Thou Thine enemies might put to shame
And silence foes, and those who at Thee rage.'
These, e'en your children, echo forth the praise
Of Angel choirs, their lips well heaven's notes,"
With dread and fear at wisdom thus profound,
His enemies, not touched by wonders heard,
Nor brought to penitence and faith, were moved
To fuller indignation. Waxing hard,
They fell to scheming plots, treacherous deeds,
Deep laid conspiracy and cunning acts,
As if t' entrap the Master, laid they plans.

Night brooded o'er the plain of Bethany,
Our Saviour slept His farewell sleep on earth,
The nights to come were to be spent in prayer,
This then was solace to His mind, 'twas rest.

The dawn but spent, the glowing light of day
Lit up the eastern horizon, her scenes
In colors grand, and found our Lord once more
In Temple court, now questioned by His foes.
Much like the Jewish race, that tree of fig,
Which He had cursed before, was withered quite.
What day was this in great Jerusalem,
So full of scene, of incident extreme,
The actors many and their transits quick
That one would fail in all to recollect.
Thus while in porch He walked and freely taught
As one who with authority might teach,
And not rely upon tradition old,
As did the Scribes, the Pharisees, the priests
Till they, to turn the tide of populace
In cowardice and cunning did proceed
To arrogate with strict legality,
Themselves, endeavoring to question Him.
“By what authority doest Thou these things.
Who gave Thee this authority, to do,
Where thy credentials, and thine orders proved?
Surely Beelzebub, be now Thy guide.”
But foiled He them in question of that John,
The witness of the Christ, believed by all.

Next came disciples of the Pharisees,
In deep laid plot t' entangle Him in talk.
Herodians too to trip Him had combined,
To move Him to rebel against the power,
Or else disclaim Himself as Israel's King.
To tempt Him they: "Master, is it lawful
For us to give tribute unto Cæsar,
Or no?" Thus He to them: "Ye hypocrites,
I see quite through your cunning.—Let Me see
Your tribute money. Whose image is this,
And superscription?"

"Cæsar's," answered they.

"Then render unto Cæsar all such things
As ye of Cæsar do receive, to God
The things of God. Again, that Pharisee
A lawyer versed in code, thus tempting Him.
But tempting learned of Him, who, tempted, taught,
The foremost principal of all His Will,
"Which of commandments all, the greatest be?"
Then Jesus: "True love for God and man.
To understand of this as thou doest now,
Is to be near the Kingdom of thy God.
But to possess this principal in truth
Is to be like in nature unto God."

No questions more, they capable to ask.
He would instruct them of Himself, and asks
That question, far surpassing all on earth,
“What think ye of The Christ, whose Son is He?”
“The Son of David.” They. Then He again:
“How then, inspired, doth David call Him Lord?”
Thus He asserts His true Messiahship.
In human nature, by descent, the Son,
As son of God, divine, of David, Lord.
Thus foiled in questions and in answers both
His enemies in hostile rage waxed warm
While all about the people friendly grew.
The time had come when He should vent His mind.
Now standing in the temple looking still
Upon the backs of His accusers, turned,
To His disciples and the multitude,
Began He thus: “Of these same scribes beware,
Who do with vain pretentions more aspire
To reputation than to character.
In lengthened robes for awe they do appear
And thus, appear in prayer for human praise
And do their order much exalt, enslave
The people, and destroy God’s love in man.
They seek your greetings in the public marts,

For topmost seats they eagerly do strive
As if or place or station proves them great :
At feasts the chiefest rooms with pride, they seek,
To give expression to their vanity.”
Then Peter thus : “ My Lord. Their rule and word
We'll not obey, but cross them in their power.”
“ Nay, Peter.” Thus the Christ. “ Alack, they sit
In Moses' seat : aye, and do continue
Well his place in legal explanation.
Their doctrines, for they mark his statutes well
And their decisions are in substance right.
In office they succeed, therefore observe,
But teaching fail to practice, this avoid.
Heavy are their burdens, and to be born
Most grievous they upon men's shoulder's bind.
Which they, not e'en the finger's power support.
Void of knowledge, they teachers would be called
This title crave ye not. One is your Master
The Christ, and ye are brethren. On earth call
No man father, One alone is Father
And He in heaven, who alone shall teach.
But he that would be honored let him serve.
And whomsoever shall himself exalt
Shall humbled be. Humility exalteth.”

He now, as if more moved at what He said
With grievous accent and in pity quite,
Arising, and in stately pose, resumed :
“ Upon you, Scribes, and you vain Pharisees
You hypocrites, dissemblers, shall come woe.
Oh, deceitful men ; and, with satan fed.
The houses of poor widows ye devour
Who, unprotected, and by you deceived
Do credit much the strength of lengthy prayer,
Damnation greater ye for this receive.
Woe to you Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites !
Ye, at the portals of My Kingdom stand
And by instructions foul deny mankind
The blessings of a spiritual sphere,
Which they do crave, but ye yourselves resist.
Ye compass sea and land in quest of one
And when ye have him gained, the child of hell
Two fold, your proselyte, than you, becomes,
Woe unto you, ye blind, deceitful guides,
Ye do despise the Temple of your God,
But praise the gold thereof, by it to swear.
And thus the victims of your gain will give.
Ye fools and blind men, which is greater, gold
Or that by which the gold is sanctified ?

Ye say that he who by the altar swears
Does naught, but he that by the altar's gift.
Is not the altar which doeth sanctify
Much greater than the gift? By this ye gain.
He that by the altar swears, by it swears
And all things else thereon, and he who swears
By temple grand, by Him who dwells therein
He swears, or else, by heaven, by God's throne
Doth swear, and doth by Him who thereon sits.
Woe unto you, ye Scribes, ye Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites, the lighter tithe of mint
And anise and of cummin, do ye pay
That ye may swell th' coffers of the Temple
While weighty matters of the Law, Judgment,
Mercy, faith ye do omit. These rather
Ought ye have done, nor others left undone.
But mark the Law, that ye may justly do,
Love mercy, and walk humbly with your God.
Ye do the worthless matters close' observe
While matters of some moment disregard.
Ye blinded guides, how strain ye out the gnat,
And more, the camel swallow. To you woe,
Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites ye do make
The outside of the cup or platter clean,

Within is but extortion and excess.
First cleanse the inside of the cup and dish
That also soon, the outside may become.
Ye palid sepulchers, ye do indeed
In outward guise most beautiful appear
While all within composed of dead men's bones
Which decomposed, fill ye with rottenness.
Ye, thus veneered with some religious cast
Do unto men appear in righteous garb,
While all within is but hypocrisy."

The Saviour raised His eyes and saw far out
O'er Kedron's vale the tombs of prophets made
In ancient days on sloping Olivet.

Again, with deeper thoughts, in accent loud
More personal with Him, began He thus :

" Ye Scribes, ye Pharisees, ye hypocrites

Ye build the tombs of prophets and persist
The sepulchers of righteous men to cleanse
And thus with tongue dissembling do cry :

' Had we in former days with th' fathers lived
Not would we have with them partakers been
In prophets' blood.' But witness to yourselves
That ye sons of them which killed them be.
Ye call them fathers. Well : for like them ye

In spirit and in act ye them portray
By filling up their measure in My death
And massacreing those whom I may send.
Ye serpents, hissing 'neath the bush of cant
But lay in wait, to pour out venom rank
Upon the Innocent. Oh, ye vipers.
How then can ye hell's judgment dread escape?
Behold, to you my prophets, scribes, I send.
Ye, like your fathers, some of them shall kill
And crucify and in your places scourge,
From city unto city persecute,
That on you shall be poured the righteous blood
From Abel unto that one whom ye stoned
Upon the king's command in th' temple's court.
But for denouncing sin. In truth I say
This generation shall all these things bear."—
And then, as if burst forth o'er crowded grief
The Saviour full of pity charged with doom
The city of His love, and prophesied:
"O thou Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
That killest prophets, stonest them I send
To thee for thy correction and thy peace,
How often I thy children would have called
And gathered them as doth the hen her brood,

And ye would not : Behold the: e naught remains
But that thy house be left to thee. I go,
Ye are alone and unprotected quite.
Destruction shall o'erwhelm ye e'er I come.
For hencef rth ye shall see me not again,
My death is now at hand, until ye say
At seeing Me in glory, e'en as they
Who cried aloud when I did enter here,
Thus typing forth my advent yet to be,
'Blessed He who in the Lord's name cometh.'"
The cave'rn thus, 'tween future and the past
Including high and low, was fu'ly crossed
The whole hierarchy now must sure resent,
If they retain their station, hold their power,
The Christ must perish, else the Church's sin.
Shall vested interest in fantasy
And cunning selfishness arrayed prevail
Or, He that came to rectify our loss ?
Let each one for himself, in thought decide.
Here shone the nature of the Christ supreme.
Well He His course, that needs must follow, knew,
In purity arrayed, and robed in truth
In moral grandeur, infinite, complete
In love etern' and sweet hu mility

With consecration to the Will of God
And for the good of man self-sacrifice,
Transcendently He stood opposed to forms
Of outward mien ; but, holiness within,
Religion and morality, embraced,
And conscience highly wrought with Him had weight
While Rabbinism, prostrate, lay condemned.
Thus o'er his native state, o'er Israel's lot,
He raised His eyes in lamentation grand
Bewailing Juda's chosen course, to His.

We shift the scene, within the Woman's court,
There sat the Lord near by the treasury box ;
The rich man cast in much, but He espied
The widow in her lowly state, most poor,
With consecrated mind, a farthing give.
He then to His disciples thus : " Good friends !
Behold the woman ! verily I say,
She of her poverty hath cast in more
Than they of their abundance. Mark it well !
The value of a gift, is what the heart
And not one's means, bestows. She gave her all."

Centurions, dispatched by Roman power
To guard in Jewry while the feast was kept
Now with the Greeks, who early came to see

And worship at the feast, e'en Stratocles
And that same Euclides,* who anxious
For Jerusalem, and her safety still,
Rejoiced to see Messiah enter there,
Sought now to speak with Him. Thus Stratocles
"A word good Philip, we would Jesus see!"
"His grief is sad, on weighty matters fixed
And He would not converse in person now.
I'll speak to Andrew. He may better tell.
Brother, these with the Master would converse."
"I'll tell Him so, perchance He'll note you.
If so, most like' it will His mind divert
From grievous incident.—My Lord. Master."
Thus Andrew to the Christ. "We'd speak with Thee.
Then Jesus, as if waking from a dream,
Smoothed back His locks, and looked upon the men,
"Good sirs, what would you? If for good of man,
Relate your thoughts that I may comfort give."
Then Stratocles, with trembling lips, advanced;

*The reader will notice I make these characters Greek; and, will remember that Judaism had her proselytes; and that Rome employed the Greek in her service. The strength of this choice will especially be seen in the fact that through such circumstances Christ's Church was made catholic, the Gospel preached to the gentile nations which received Him as the Saviour and proclaimed Him such, while His own, as a nation, rejected Him.—See *Robertson's Church History*, vol. 1; *Cutts' Turning Points of General Church History*.

“ Art thou to reign, and Israel redeem ?”

“ Aye, friends, kind sirs, the hour is e'en now come

That I the son of frail humanity

Be glorified. Nay, do not smile, but list.

For sorrow quick shall follow cheerful face,

As nature witnesseth, so verily

I say to you, except a corn of wheat

Fall in the earth and die, it by itself

Alone shall sure abide : but if it die,

It bringeth forth much fruit. Whilst I may live,

My life remains bound up in self. In death,

It breaks its cerements and doth multiply.

E'en as the seed which to the stalk gives life

My life shall enter that which from it springs.

Likewise shall my disciples after Me,

If they would gain of Me eternal life.

He that in this world would his life preserve

Shall lose the life eternal, he that gives

His life in this world, shall it ever keep.

He that would serve, let him to this end come,

And he shall be with Me where e'er I am,

And sit upon the right hand of My throne.

He that serveth Me my Father honors.”

The Son of Man in human weakness now

Apart from strength divine, in vision apt
Doth view the coming act, and shadows forth
The heart-sick woe, of dread Gethsemane.
With buried head, and voice depressed, He groaned :
“ Now is my soul troubled,—what shall I say?—
Oh, Father, spare Me,—save Me from this hour?—
Not so, for this cause came I to this hour.
The past has been mere’ progress tow’rd this door
Which opens to a bright eternity.
Nay, Father, I come. Glorify Thy name.
To do Thy will, O God, I die for man.
At this, as in attestation grand,
To seal His mission, came a voice divine
As rumbling thunder, though a cloudless sky :
“ It have I glorified and will again.”
Thus, Jesus, then : “ Ye quest among yourselves,
As if to doubt, if thunder or a voice ?
This voice came not for Me, but for your sakes
That ye may now believe and have much faith
For ye must now decide regarding Me.
The judgment of My Father touches close
The prince of darkness. By My victory
Through death, shall come the weakness of my foe
His worldly kingdom shall to Mine soon yield.

For I, if I be lifted on the cross
And by that death unto My Father pass
The power of that same cross shall touch men's hearts
And draw them unto Me. The Holy Ghost
Whom I shall from our nature forthwith send
Shall teach them love and they shall serve their King.”
Then Stratocles, as if the cross a block
Of stumbling to himself and nation, spake :
“ Good Master, from the law we this have gained
That Christ abideth ever on this earth.
If thou art He, what then shall we infer ?
If that the Son of Man be lifted up,
To whom, the Son of Man, doest Thou refer ? ”
The Christ : “ In this body for Me prepared,
Now dwells the nature of the very God.
The Light of the World ; aye, the Truth Divine.
A little while the Light is with you still,
Believe ye, while ye have the Light to see !
Lest unbelief o'ershadow you, and doubt.
For he who doth in darkness walk, knows not
The way he goeth. Then while ye may, believe,
That ye the children of that Light may be.”
The moment now to bid farewell had come,
Forever to the Temple of His tribe,

The centre of the ancient dispensation.
Thus once again with pleading voice, intent,
To tear Himself from those who followed, loathe;
Cried He: "Think not that I would, ye believe
In Me, but through Me on Him that sent Me.
I have come a Light to manifest
The nature of the living God to man,
That he believing Me, might comprehend
And understand His Word. I judge him not
That fails My sayings to believe; to save
The world come I and not to judge.
But he that doth reject me and My words
His conscience touched by truth divine
Which I make manifest, at last shall judge.
Not of Myself have I declared the Will.
The Father which did send Me gave command
What I should say and speak. His Word is Life."
The twilight hour was now approaching fast,
When Jesus and His twelve would soon betake
Them to the quiet shades of Bethlehem.
The desolation of Jerusalem
Had now begun when Jesus left her walls
No more to come to her with words of peace.
The temple now whose judgment He predicted

Should ne'er again His sacred frame contain.
Her, had He quitted, and her officers.
They wound their way along the holy road
Which led o'er Olivet, and turning 'bout
Beheld the grandeur of Moria's Mount,
Bedecked with temple grand and crowned with gold.
The sinking sun delayed to pour his beams
Of gold on marble halls, and terraced courts.
With sorrowed brow the little band made halt
And Peter, keen with touch of sympathy
Deplored the sentence of Jerusalem,
And thus addressed the Christ, " Good Master see
How rich in gold and snowy marble laid
With workmanship superb, is yonder house
And gifts, and precious stones. Must all these fall?"
" Seest thou these buildings great, these statues,
Images, gifts, and all this massive stone?
Verily, to you, I say, cometh days,
When not one stone shall here be left to stand
Upon another, and not be cast down."
As if to take their parting glance, they paused
And rested them upon the mount to gaze.
Around were Peter, Andrew, James, and John
In sorrow pent in sadness with their Lord,

And anxious of the hour, in private asked:
“Most gracious Master, when shall this thing be?
And what the sign Thy coming to denote?
The ending of the world?” He thus to them:
“The history of events, the place, the time,
'Tis not my purpose to relate, but tell,
That ye take heed, that none lead you astray.
For many in My name will come and say
'I am the Christ,' and many shall deceive.
And when ye shall of wars and rumors hear
Fear not, for these things must needs come to pass.
But the end is not immediately.
The end of Judaism now is ripe,
Its forms and ceremonies dead. Let pass.
They think to save themselves from my reform,
But at my death shall their corruptions die.
This Gospel of My Kingdom shall be preached
Throughout the world for a testimony
To the nations, and then shall come the end.
But fear ye this, lest any man shall say
'Lo, here is Christ, or there;' believe it not,
For there shall prophets false and false Christs come
Who e'en shall show you signs and wonders great
And fain, for Israel, to be from God.

To free the nation and subdue the world
Spread Judaism over all the earth,
Instead of peace these things shall bring you pain.
If they shall mark the place where Christ shall be,
Or in the desert, or in secret room
Believe them not, nor go ye forth with them.
For when the Son of Man shall come to reign
'Twill be, as lightning flashing from the east
Is seen unto the west, nor place, nor scene.
But when the reign of Judaism ends
And heathenism be subdued, then look."
The Saviour paused, as if in silent grief
He would His trial note, His prophecy
Relate to anxious ears, and for their good.
"Good friends, ye know that after two days more
There comes the passover. Then spare your tears
For scenes more direful than the past affords.
The Son of Man shall be delivered up,
This by treachery, to be crucified."
Each head was bowed in dread of further grief
Save Judas, who in thoughtful mood walked by
And stood behind with eyes on Jesus fixed.
Thus he: "To this end I have followed Thee.
I thought Thou wouldst have Israel redeemed,

The true Messiah proved, and verily,
Myself the treasurer of state become.
Now all is done, the die is lost to me.
My favor with my people gone, and priests.
And Thou, for whom mine all I sacrificed,
Like a hopeful rose blasted in its bud
Afford'st Thine followers but shame and death."
The three days' business of the week had passed
And now a Sabbath to His soul, a rest
Before His agony. But for the Jews
The priests and elders, great confusion ruled.
Like Isaac's sacrifice, with willing mind
Which on that mount one time took place, the Christ
With voluntary will, doth offer self.
In still retirement thus, of thoughts on death
Preparatory to their parting hour
He did with His disciples much converse.
The manner of his death He oft did tell
In parable, prophetic incident,
In temple and to individual man,
How He the types of ancient days fulfilled
In this, for once, His agonizing death.
For more prepared need they to be than He
That they His cross might bear and recognize

In Him the Shepherd of His sheep,* the Heir.†
That they a triumph not anticipate
But sacrifice for sin His mission here.
His body for this purpose was prepared.
But Judas, thus by nature made to fill,
His part important in earth's drama great
In fullness failed these things to comprehend,
Moved onward in his deep intriguing course.
In Joseph's palace, He, that Caiaphas
So named "The Oppressor," high priest, acting,
And foremost in the movement 'gainst our Lord,
The priestly council had assembled there,
Temple officers, the scribes, the elders,
Sanhedrists and the rest, consultant how
They might Him take, in secret put to death.
Thus Caiaphas: "The people favor Him.
And lest our power, our office be denied
We must avert them in their ebbing tide.
His strength must with the setting sun decline,
Or else we, shadow like, will dismal grow
Before the glow of his o'erwhelming ray."
"Nay, Caiaphas," thus Joseph made reply,
"But spare Him till the ending of the feast."

*St. John, x. 11-18. †St. Matthew, xxi. 33-45.

Nor mar our holy acts with actions foul.
'Tis well we have the people's voice in this
Lest they, dissatisfied, 'gainst us rebel
And censure for so bold a recompense.
Then that which now would satisfy for loss
Of power, would turn again and cripple us."
Then Annas, e'en with Caiaphas, intent
Upon His death: "Nay, you in weakness speak.
The rabble caters to prevailing strength
Whether it be centred in this our foe
Or us, concerns them not, but which is great.
Then lest he gain more power we'll cross Him here."
Nicodemus thus: "Pardon, sirs, your plans
Conflict with legal warranting. Behold:
Our order has no power to put to death
Though we Him prove of villianous intents."
"Aye, aye," excited Caiaphas exclaimed,
"But Rome, her malefactors shall dispose
And those with treason charged, to sentence grave,
Nor Herod dare, nor Pilate us refuse
An audience, when we defend the state.
If we may prove He looks on Cæsar's throne
With hopes usurping of his power, we gain
Our purposed aims. In this there seems some truth,

Would not the people make Him king who cried
Hosanna? This, Tiberius, would move,
With much suspicion, and in dread of Him
Give orders for His death. We, common friends
In favor with his rule, will him apprise.
And he in turn relieve us of all crime.”
Gamaliel, most learned in the law
With wisdom great and in discretion versed
In few words choice to Caiaphas gave voice :
“ Your plans, I like them not, nor recommend
His death. Pray wait the ending of the feast.
If He returns not then to Galilee,
But lingers here, we'll further test His will,
If it be for the good of Israel
Or self. Till then, at least, from this refrain.
For know you not that Theudas, boastful
Of himself, and Judas too, who perished
Likewise? E'en so shall this same Jesus fare.
If God be with Him, then we fight in vain.
And for our safety wary be to act.
Lest at the climax of his course, we lose.
But bide our time. At present all seems ill.”
Then Caiaphas: “ My heart cries for his blood.
But how to come by it perplexes much

My will, and not give cause for great offense."

At this, as if some darker power contrived

Than Caiaphas, his favor still supplied.

The guards who kept the outer court, perceived

From the distance a human form draw near.

'Twas that same form, the only southern Jew,

Who knew the inmost thoughts of Jesus' will.

Who now the dying Christ, with flame, thrust out,

And welcomed to his heart the evil one.

'Twas Judas. Thus he to the chiefest guard :

"Caiaphas, the high priest, attends within?"

"He does."

"I beg an audience."

"His business now imports of great moment."

"But that of mine will touch him closer still

If I his will perceive, than now concerns

The disposal of his mind. 'Tis one word,

The whereabouts of Jesus, his dread foe."

"He'll gladly welcome you."

At this the traitor gained admission there

Where evil boiled, and deep damnation surged

In minds too like his own. He stood in pose.

As like the marble under foot, his heart

Grew cold and hard, his thoughts waxed deadly black.

"What business calls you to our presence, sir?"

Asked Caiaphas, as he tow'rd him advanced.

As some secret cause, or some personal act

Bespoke the visage of the hour. "Sir, speak."

"My business touches close your persons all.

I am Judas, of Him a follower,

Who lately moved the city to proclaim

Him great, who even thus far did aspire

To royal grace, and I with him held hope.

I learn of late your wishes to entrap

And take Him captive. It is in my power

To aid you in this thing. What will ye give

If I betray him unto you this night?"

"Give," cried Caiaphas, "the price of a slave.

Good my brothers! In this most seeming cause

All riches to our coffers flow. This done

And we are cleared of guilt, of selfish gain

We'll not be charged withal. But being ours

He shall then fill the lot of our demand.

And one must for the nation this year die."

"Then thirty shekels from the treasury,"

Responded Annas, in as boastful voice.

"'Tis so agreed," Iscariot declared.

And then aside, "And I their favor gained

Shall more enrich myself at this small price
Than hold for greater bribe." Again aloud:
"Friends, I am with you all, and shall hold good.
He ofttimes rests on Olivet, and there
In feigning utterance, devotes the hours
Of deepest night in prayer. There He will come.
Or there, or other place, I'll note you Him.
And when the fitting hour directs I'll lead
You to possession of your dreaded prize."
Thus closed the scene. Conspiracy waxed strong.
Plot followed plot, hell belched his thickest ire.
The' deceiver thus deceived but worked the will
Of Him who would Himself make sacrifice
And thus cross Satan in his pleasing scheme.

CANTO III.

THE UPPER ROOM.

The evening shades did pencil now the sky
And flushed the fleecy cloud with crimson hue.
Twilight hovered round, dimness grew apace,
With the quick decline of the orb of day.
Three stars which signalled forth the paschal feast
O'er the eastern horizon smiling peeped
And spied Jerusalem in festive garb.
Peopled, rich with Hebrews of foreign clime,
And pilgrims coming still in hasty tread
The season to observe. While all around
The spring flowers, bright and gay, bedecked the green
Which, dotted with the white tents, a crowd bespoke
Unusual to that holy mart.
The trumpet from the temple sounded loud,
Its blasts proclaimed to all Jerusalem

And country 'round the keeping of the feast.
Those two disciples, Peter and that John
Whose love for Jesus surpassed all, had come
As He directed them, and there, most like,
Where Mark held his abode, procured that room
Where Christ and all His twelve might celebrate,
Here they complete, but nothing more convened,
Not e'en His Mother, who did at his birth
Procure a place in keeping with request
Now made by Him, a "hostelry," no more,
Did enter there, she stayed in Bethany.
He and the twelve, with Judas not forgot,
Lest Satan too himself did there present,
In guise of that same traitor to our Lord,
Were now, with banquet served, in places fixed
This only sacrifice by Him offered
Symbolical of that when He Himself
Would sacrifice, completed quite the past
Memorial of Juda's safety gained,
And that same sacrament did institute
By which we keep in memory His death
Until He come again, and feed on Him.
Thus He: "Desiring I desired to eat
With you this Pascha before I suffer."

The cup that I have blessed divide among yourselves
And this shall be the last. No more to eat
The Passover shall we assemble here,
Nor I with you, until Our Kingdom come.”
An hour more solemn than the rest was this
To Him, than all His time in human form,
With this began that of His loneliness.
Grief vexed Him sore with thoughts of things to come,
How He who came from God, must go to God,
And leave behind disputants for some power,
Now manifest in those e'en whom He loved
As they made strife for places uppermost.
So Judas still persistent in His will
Held next to Him, the left, while John the right
As in His bosom lay, and Peter last.
The rest at table found their places well,
Then Jesus quite observant of their greed,
As if by object lesson to instruct,
And verse them in humility, arose,
His garments threw aside, and with a towel
Did gird Himself in keeping with the slave,
With bowl, proceeded thus their feet to cleanse.
Then Simon Peter : “ Lord, do'st wash my feet ? ”
“ What I do thou perceivest not, but shalt

Hereafter understand."

"Nay, I am least, ne'er shalt thou wash my feet."

"If not thy feet thou hast no part in Me

The body must be clean, all parts be served."

"Thy will and Thine intents be satisfied.

My Lord, my hands and head, beside my feet."

"He that is bathed need not but wash his feet,

But is clean entire; ye are clean, not all.

Strive not among yourselves to be foremost.

The gentile kings do lord it over them.

Be ye not so. The greatest shall be least,

And ask the meaning of this passover.

And he that is chief, be as he that serves.

I am amongst you as he that serveth.

Ye call me Lord, and Master: ye say well,

'Tis even so. If then th' Lord and Master

Himself doth humble thus to wash your feet

Ye likewise ought among yourselves to do.

Mark my example. Do as I have done.

The servant is not greater than his Lord,

Neither is He greater who has been sent

Than He that sent Him. I shall send you soon.

Blessed ye that know these things and do them.

I speak not of you all. For verily

I know whom I have chosen, and shall send.
But, alas! what says our father David:
"He that with me of mine own bread doth eat
Hath e'en against me lifted up his heel."*

So false are some to trust, they traitors turn.
This thing I tell you of before it come
That when it come, ye may believe Me Him
The true Messiah to the human race.
One of you, verily, shall me betray."

As if some lightening dart had struck them swift
Their souls did grieve them at this sentence sharp,
And, for a moment losing hope of Him
As temporal king, still, with love most real
From lip to lip the same phrase went the round,
All miscreant in faithfulness tow'rd Him.
"Lord is it I?" "Good master is it I?"
Thus Jesus made reply: "You question whom?
His hand is with Me now upon the board.
'Tis one of twelve that dippeth in the dish."
Excited much and moved with fear and dread
Lest they who loved Him now should prove Him false,
Turned each one to his neighbor and enquired,
If ought they knew of direful circumstance.

*Psalms xli. 9.

'Twas strange to them. They had not thought it least.

Then Peter 'cross the table to St. John

Resting next his Lord, beckoned him to ask

Of whom He spake. John, then in lowered tone :

“ Lord, who is it ? ”

Thus Jesus : “ He it is, when I have dipped,

To whom I give a sop, me shall betray.”

To John alone this. Then to all were there.

As if with pity and with last appeal

He'd warn all that was human in the man

Who now about to take his fatal step

Lay silent in his evil thinking mood.

“ Truly,” resumed our Lord. “ The Son of man

Indeed doth go, as was determined

But woe shall come upon that man, and grief,

His conscience shall inflict him, and his deed

Shall rise to test him to his death with truth

Of his mistaken course, his action foul.

'Twere well for him had he been left unborn.”

Then Judas to himself : “ He knows my task.

But does He know 'tis I that shall betray ?

If so, between Him and myself has come

The hour for separation. That same form

That moved with awe, in its majestic tread

My cunning mind and led me on to hope
For honors new bestowed upon my lot,
That same voice, whose virtuous tone, has stayed
My evil parts from bold suggestion quite
And touched me with discomfort in my place
Must be to me a blank, a shadow past.
If He hath learned my plot, I'll to it quick,"—
And then in whisper to the Christ, he asked :
" Good Master, is it I ?" The Christ replied :
" Thou hast said." The dipped sop gave to Judas
With this to add : " That thou doest, do quickly."
Then Judas : " So. Thou hast perceived my plans ?"
" With memory surpassed, I knew them well,
E'er thou wert born. But that thy mind should grasp
A chance so opportune it to profess
The cunning nature of thy soul's disgrace
I charge thee now obey it, Satan serve.
To do so serves thy will, and my decree.
Thus by the death of Innocence, redeemed
The fallen soul of man, sinners shall be."
Iscariot aside : " Traitor, thy speech
Bespeaks insanity, or else thy plot
To gain some kingly power, quite overthrown
Hast left Thee desperate, and fain would die

Than make confession of Thy deadly guilt
To Jewry's chosen pride, her loyal priests.
Thou think'st perchance, to thus escape my power
But if I fail not in my purposed course
The high priest and the great sanhedrin shall
This night compel Thee to retrace Thy steps."—
"To Jesus then. "I'll go, as Thou hast said.
But woe to Thee and to Thy followers.
The ewe and all her lambs shall fall a prey."
"Nay spare thee further grief," replied the Christ,
"Though thou shalt say, and be thy actions foul
My soul doth bleed for thee. I love thee still.
And when thou shalt repent of this thy course
Mistaken, for thou art to my grace blind,
I'll pray the Father 'thee. Thou knowest not."
At this, Iscariot, with fleetest step
Sought out the council where had met the priests
Determined on our Saviour's death,
To bring them straight where they might capture Him.
Now, as he rose, and left his Master's side,
Distrustful of that Master's precious grace,
With sullen countenance and lowered brow,
His comrades questioned not, but thought he went
To still provide the further needs of feast,

Or else, as he retained their surplus funds,
To give, as was the custom, to the poor.
A moment of marked silence now, impressed
The number odd that still with Christ remained
Of His deep study mood, of how He sighed
Until, as like the crystaled bank, when past
The sable cloud, doth lighten in the sun,
His face did shine with satisfaction gained.
Thus He : " The Son of Man is glorified.
He makes now voluntary sacrifice
And now, too, God is glorified in Him
And doth acknowledge His obedience
Him in Himself He'll also glorify
He will Him crown with death upon the cross.
And that He'll straightway do.—Little children.
Yet a little while am I with you all
But soon I leave you. I must go away.
Ye shall seek me : but, even as I said
To th' Jews, where I shall go ye cannot come.
So now I say to you. Nay, be not sad.
If aught ye have in Me perceived, 'tis this,
The attribute of Love. That is My will.
Ye knew of love before, but not of mine,
Nor have I yet commanded you to love.

A new commandment give I unto you :
 Love one another, as I have loved you,
 Unto the hour of death, and give Myself
 A ransom for your souls that ye may live ;
 With e'en such love, ye one another love.
 By this same love shall all men know you mine.
 Be faithful subjects to My law of love,
 And so regard My kingdom, love divine."

The third cup of the evening meal must pass
 In custom mixed of water and of wine.
 And as they ate He took in hand some bread
 Which when that He had blessed, He brake and gave
 To His disciples, with Him still at feast.
 With solemn words and mystery combined,
 If of that bread which represents, He spake,
 Or of that body which must soon be broke
 We'll venture not to know, but thus spake He
 " Take, eat ; this* my body," and passed it 'round.

*I drop the copula 'is,' over which there has been so much bitter discussion in the Church, for sake of convenience. Edersheim claims that the copula 'is' ['This *is* My Body,' 'This *is* My Blood'] was certainly *not* spoken by the Lord in the Aramaic just as it does not occur in the Jewish formula in the breaking of bread at the beginning of the Paschal Supper, (at which He instituted His memorial,) and the words : 'Body which is given,' or, in I Cor. xi. 24 'broken' and 'Blood which is shed, should be more correctly rendered : *is being given, broken, shed.*—See *the Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. II, pg. 510.

And then the cup of blessing He took up
And thanking, gave to them, and spake He thus :
“ Drink ye all of it. For this my blood,
Of the covenant, even that is poured
Out unto remission of sins. This do
In remembrance of Me, as oft as ye
Shall drink. But verily I say to you
I will no more drink of this fruit o’ th’ vine
Until that day—‘ Oh God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer
Thine most Holy One to see corruption ’—
When I drink it new in th’ Kingdom of God.
Then Peter said : “ Lord whither goest thou ?”
“ Whither I go, thou canst not follow now ;
But thou shalt follow afterward.—How weak
Their souls, nor dream they yet of coming trials
Which needs must visit them in future days,
But when they shall be blessed with spirit much
They can endure the death for mine own sake.”
“ Nay, Lord, why cannot I now follow thee ?
My Lord, I will for thee my life lay down.”
“ Peter, that thou dost love Me I believe,
That thou would’st follow me to death I trow
Thine intents good. Offended shall ye be,

And all because of me this night. 'Tis writ :
' The shepherd I will smite, and shall the sheep
O' th' flock be scattered abroad.' When raised up
I'll go before you into Galilee."

" Though all men be offended for of Thee
Yet not will I." So, Peter, full of zeal,
And faithful to his Lord, made quick reply.
Then Jesus, cognizant of his defect
And of the weakness in the human race,
How they resolve, and when temptation comes
Fall headlong in her smiling lap, to him :
" Simon, Simon," not Peter now, " behold,
For he that standeth by himself shall fall,
Self confidence is fickle, and when tried
Forgets its good intents and falls a prey
To evil consequence, Satan desired
To have thee, and as wheat to sift thy strength
As he did Job, before thee, in his trial.
But supplication for thee I have made
And what I ask shall be. Thy faith fail not.
And when thou shalt thy weakness comprehend
And out of weakness strengthened in thy trust
Of my protection, go warn thy brethren.
" Lord I trust Thee, and ready am to go

With Thee, both unto prison and to death.”
“ Nay, Peter. Know thyself, examine well,
Thy study is to know thy weakest part,
That when temptation comes, to shut that door.
Wilt thou indeed lay down thy life for me?
Thou shalt e’en do the same. But verily
I say to thee, the cock shall not crow twice
This night, before thou shalt deny me thrice.”
“ Nay, good, my Lord. If I must with thee die
I’ll not deny Thee.” Likewise said they all.
“ When I went with you lacked ye anything?”
“ Nothing, Lord.”
“ Now provide yourselves with necessities.
Think not all strange that I have said this night.
Let him that hath no sword his garment sell,
And purchase to himself a manuscript.
Before, I taught you all, but now ye search
The scriptures, and with them pierce the hearts
Of them who do not comprehend my life,
They testify of Me. And this I say,
This that is written in Esaias’ book
Must be fulfilled in Me, “ He was reckoned
With transgressors.”* These things concerning Me

*Isaiah LIII. 12.

In Me have their fulfillment. Mark them well."
Sadness o'er the hour his dismal cloak did spread
And each Apostle grieved the loss of Him
Who had been their support in time of trial
And so sustained them in their every act
That now, without Him, they knew not what would be,
But He in recognition of their state
As ever constant with those loving Him,
With pity looked upon His chosen few
With thoughts to comfort them when He were gone.
"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe
In God, also believe in Me." Thus He:
"In My Father's house are mansions many,
Of spheres or stations suitable to all.
In this I speak the truth; no vantage gained,
If not, I would have told you. Be not grieved.
I go to welcome you. And if I go
And for you there a place prepare, I'll come
Again, as I have said before, and you
Unto myself receive: that where I am
Ye may be also there. Whither I go
And, too, the way, ye know." Then Thomas thus:
With mind material, the spiritual
Quite dull to comprehend: "Lord, we know not,

And less we know the way, where thou shalt go."

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life. No man
Unto the Father comes, but that by Me—

The Father's nature learns, His Will obeys.

If ye had known My mind, ye should have known
Also My Father's will, henceforth ye know,
And have Him also seen." Thus Philip, then :

"Lord, show the Father. It sufficeth us."

"Have I so long time with you been, Philip,
And yet hast not known Me? He that hath seen
Me hath the Father seen. Believest not
That I am in the Father, He in Me?

The words which I unto you speak, I speak
Not from Myself, but He that in Me dwells.

The works I seem to do the Father doeth.

That I am in the Father, Me believe,
And He in me : or else ye this believe
To understand the works. For verily

I say to you, he that on Me believes,
The works I do, he them shall also do.

The spirit works the same. Nay! greater works
Than these, the miracles that I have wrought,
Shall he soon do, because I go away,
For he shall bring the souls of men to Me.

And whatsoever ye shall ask through Me,
And in My spirit asked, that will I do,
That in His Son, God may be glorified.
What ye may ask according to My will
That will I do. For if ye truly love
And of My nature do partake, ye will
Keep my commandments, and, My will, perform.
When I am gone I will the Father pray
And He another Comforter shall give,
That he with you may evermore abide.
Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world
Cannot receive. It doth not Him perceive
Neither knoweth Him : but ye do know Him ;
For He with you abideth, where I am.
When I shall go, He shall in you abide.
A little while th' world seeth Me no more ;
But ye shall see Me still ; because I live,
Ye shall also live. At that day when all
My doctrine shall in spirit be revealed
Ye shall know that I am in my Father,
Ye in Me, I in you, and will to Him
Who loveth Me, myself make manifest
And of Me and my Father shall be loved.”
Then Judas Thaddeus, in simple quest

Still looking for a worldly Christ, did ask,
How, that He to individual man
Himself make manifest, and not the world?
“If a man love Me,” saith the Christ to him,
“He’ll keep my word. My Father will him love
We will unto him come and there abide,
But they that love us not keep not my words.
And the Word which ye do hear is not mine
But the Will of the Father which sent Me.
These things I speak while with you I abide
But He the Advocate, the Holy Ghost,
He whom the Father in my name will send,
Shall teach you all things; and, all things I’ve said
To your remembrance bring, interpreting.
Peace leave I with you. My peace give I you.
Be not any further grieved nor fear.
’Tis true you’ll see Me not in fleshy form,
Death hides that from the view, the spirit lives.
And if ye loved Me well ye would rejoice
Because I unto the Father go,
For greater far the Father is than I.
I have told you before it came to pass
That when it come to pass ye may believe.
Hereafter not much will I with you talk,—

The prince of this world, having naught in Me.
Doth come,—but that the world may know,
According to the Father's will I do
At this same hour with voluntary step
Present myself The Sacrifice for sin.”—
He paused, arose, and made to bid farewell
To walls made sacred by His Eucharist.—
“ Arise, sing the Hallel.*—Let us go hence.”

*Psalm CXV-CXVIII.

CANTO IV.

GETHSEMANE.

The Saviour and the eleven left,
Had made their way through shadowed streets that night,
Again crossed Kedron as she rippled down
In moonlight glare and crystal dancing wave
The vale 'tween Olivet and Jewry's Dome.
The vineyard now they entered, held their peace,
While Jesus at the temple once more gazed,
And His Apostles with Him looking on
With true amazement at her marble towers.
But soon they turned and made their way along
The path which to Gethsemane did lead,
And walking, Peter to the Christ remarked :
“ My Lord, how huge the vines grow here, and fruit
Surpassing all in fair Italia's clime.

Methinks the vine the friendliest of plants,
It merry makes the heart of man,* and drowns
All grief! most requisite their care must be.”
Then Jesus apt to teach by simile,
Spake thus:† “I the true vine am, My Father
Is the husbandman. Every branch in me
That beareth not its fruit, He doth remove,
And every branch that beareth fruit to Me,
He cleanseth it, that it more fruit may bear.
Now ye are clean through that I spake to you,
‘ Abide in Me, the Word, and I in you.’
Like as the branch, itself cannot bear fruit
Except it in the vine abide, no more
Can ye do righteousness apart from Me.
In that ye much fruit bear is glorified
My Father ; so, my disciples shall ye be.
I am the source of solace to your grief,
I cheer the heart of man. Vines need ye not!
E’en as the Father loveth Me, I you.

*Psalm civ. 15.

†Authorities are undecided upon the place where this speech occurred. Some think in the “Upper Room,” others, on the way through the city. It seems to me most probable in the garden where occasion might aptly be afforded for the same. The Apostle is not guarded in recording the incidents of our Lord’s life in succession as they occurred.

Abide ye in My love. And so ye shall,
If ye do My commandments keep, as I
My Father's have observed, and in His love,
Commingle in His nature quite, abide.
So speak I that My joy in you abide
And your's be full in this My Sacrifice.
Remember My commandment which I spake,
'Love one another, as I have loved you.'
Than this no greater love hath any man,
That he doth for his friend his life lay down.
This I now do for you. Ye are my friends
If ye obey My will. I call you friends;
The servant knoweth not what does his lord,
But all that I have from My Father heard
Have I made known to you. Ye chose me not,
But I have chosen you, appointed you
That ye should go bear fruit, and it abide.
Had ye made choice of Me ye might depart
At will, and soon ye shall have cause to faint,
But I have chosen you, and ye must serve.
Again, I charge you, one another love;
So, manifest unto the world My will.
If ye are hated of the world, ye know
It hated Me before it hated you.

The world would love his own. Out of the world
I have you chosen : So it hateth you.
The servant is not greater than his lord.
If they have persecuted Me, observe,
They will you also persecute, if they
Have kept My word, they also will keep yours,
But what they do to you they do to Me.
Because they know not Him that sendeth Me
Had I not come, and unto them declared
His will, they had not sinned, but now they have
Not for their sin excuse. To know His will
And hate the spirit that would heal them quite
Is to inflict them with that deadly sin
Unpardonable by the Father's law.
He hating Me, the Father also hates,
But thus the word of David is fulfilled
' They hated me without a cause.' Take cheer!
For when the Comforter, whom I will send,
Is come, which from the Father doth proceed,
The Spirit of the Truth, He shall of Me
Bear witness ; and ye also witness bear,
For ye have with Me been since that first day
When John bade you ' Behold the Lamb of God !'
They shall you from the synagogues expel,

Yea cometh the hour, that whosoever
Killeth you will think he doth God service.
These things will they unto you do, because
They have not known the Father nor known Me.
But these things have I spoken unto you
That when their hour is come ye may reflect.
Be not offended nor desert My Love.*
To Him who sent Me, now I go My way ;—
Ye speak not, nor ask Whither goest Thou ?
Because I have unto you these things said
Sorrow hath filled your heart. I speak the truth.
Nay, be not sorrowful, that I go
Away. It is for you expedient :
If I go not away the Advocate
Will not unto you come ; if I depart
I will Him send to you. When He is come
He will th' world, in respect of sin, convict
Of righteousness and judgment. Of sin
Because they knew Me not, of righteousness
Because I to My Father go, ye see
Me no more, of judgment, because is judged
The prince of this world. Many things I have
To say to you, ye cannot bear them now.

*The Church.

When He of Truth, the Spirit, comes He'll guide
You into all truth, giving you the light.
From Himself He shall not speak. He shall speak
Whatsoever He shall hear, unto you
Things to come He will declare,—list His voice !
He shall Me glorify, for He shall take
Of Mine, and to you manifest My will.
I speak not of Myself but of My God.
All love and righteousness the Father hath,
Therefore said I that He shall take
Of Mine and to you manifest My will.
A little while, and ye shall see Me not,
Again, a little while ye shall see Me.”
Then Thomas to St. Peter, thus : (they all
With wonder, and confused among themselves,
Did of the import of His words make quest)
“ What saith He unto us, a little while ?”
And Peter then : “ We comprehend Him not.”
Then Jesus, with divine insight knew well
Their thoughts, but waiting to explain, thus spake,
“ Do ye among yourselves, of that I said
A little while, inquire ? I say to you
That ye shall weep, and shall with grief lament,
But when ye do, the world shall then rejoice :

Ye shall be sorrowful, but, shall be turned
Your sorrow into joy.
And like the woman whom to child gives birth
Hath sorrow at her hour, but when 'tis past,
Because a man is born, in joy forgets ;
So ye have sorrow now, while I depart,
But I shall see you soon, and then your heart
Shall 'joy, because I come to you again,
And no one shall, of you, that joy deprive.
Then shall ye ask Me nothing, but shall know.
For verily I unto you now say
That what ye ask the Father he will give
If you in mine own name. Understanding,
If ye ask, He'll give. Ye have not asked.
Ask ! Ye shall receive. Your joy shall be full.
Thus to you in proverbs have I spoken.
The hour cometh, when I shall no more speak
In proverbs unto you, but I shall tell
You plainly of the Father, and myself.
In that day ye shall ask. I need not pray
For you. The Father loveth you, because
Ye have loved Me, and also have believed
I came from God. True love is symmetry.
If ye love Me ye would like Me become,

And would the Father's will perform. I am
His Son, His Will, His Word, which He would speak
Unto the world. I come to manifest
His nature unto man. Co-eternal
And of His substance came I forth from God
Into the world : Again I leave the world
And go unto the Father. We are One."

Then Peter to The Christ, " Lo, now speakest
Thou most plainly and not in parables speak.
Now are we sure that Thou doth all things know
And needest not that any man should ask.
By this we now believe that Thou camest forth
From God, and art indeed His only Son."

" Peter, thou hast well said, on this belief
Of Me to be the Wisdom of the God,
I shall erect My Church, and naught shall change
That principal for doctrines newly framed.
It shall endure, nor buried shall it be
In time nor in philosophy of man.
What thou hast said unlocks the mystery quite.
Do ye believe? It doth please Me well.
Have patience, endure, My words remember.
Behold, the hour doth come, yea, is now come
When ye shall scattered be, each to his own.

Ye shall Me leave alone, yet not alone—"
He here did seem to meditate their state,
If they were yet prepared to bear His word
Which now the briny spring of grief in them
It opened to give vent to feelings sad.
"Nay weep not. The Father will be with Me.
All these things I have unto you spoken
That ye might know Me, and in Me have peace.
While in the world ye tribulations have,
Be of good cheer, the world I've overcome.
I have its sin and disobedience,
In doing of My Father's will, subdued.—
Thou man of My heart, for My mother care
When I am gone, e'en she, I give to thee,—
Oh, woman! thou crowned jewel of thy race
How I have loved thee, and of thee was born
Thy seed, the serpent's head indeed to bruise.
I go: Mine hour is come, but first to prayer,
The portion of transgressors then to share."

They'd reached that spot, where oft' times they had held
Retreat, and had communed of things to be,
Gethsemane, by name, a garden fair.
The moon did from the proud west witness still
The scene, and night held silence, marred with dread,

Or else perfection ruled in stillness grand.
Alone He now would with His Father 'verse
And bade Apostles all to sit them by
While He withdrew some distance, there alone
To pour out spirit with Eternal God.
Love spake with Love, divinely echoed each
Request and answer zealous for that Love.
The Human and Divine united plead
For blessings craved in nature by the Two
So that the Father and the Son communed
In sympathy, and accent relative
The purposed inclinations prophesied.
Humanity now to be ushered back
To its own place, the image of it's God,
United with Divinity, besought
The perfecting of its redemption quite.
The glory of the Son to glorify,
On the completion of His work destined
And in the heart of man, His Father's grace,
Was by the Son now eagerly implored.
In spirit to the Father, thus the Christ :
" Father, I have unto my hour arrived
When I, in this same body once prepared,
Shall render up Myself a sacrifice.

In this same act pray glorify Thy Son,
That He in it may also honor Thee.
Vested in Him, thou hast, authority
O'er all humanity, that He should give
Eternal life to those thou gavest Him
That they might know Thee to be God alone,
And of Thy nature comprehend, and I
Who manifested Thee that Crissoned One
Whom Thou hast sent. This have I done on earth ;
I have accomplished that Thou gavest Me
To do, Thy will made known, Thy Wisdom lived,
The plan of Thy redeeming Man proclaimed,
And now, as I withdraw Me from this world,
O, Father, with Thine own self glorify
Thou Me, with that same glory which We had
Before We did the world create. Receive
Me unto that communion, whence I came.
Thy name have I unto the men made known,
Which of the world thou gavest unto Me,
Thine they were, thou gavest them to Me,
From that same stock of Israel with Me,
And they have kept Thy Word. Now have they known
That whatsoever Thou hast given Me,
All things, are of Thee. For, the words which Thou

Gavest to Me have I made known to them.
Them have they received : and, known of a truth
That I came out from Thee, and have believed
That Thou didst send Me forth. I pray for them ;
Not for the world of disbelief pray I,
For that I now lay down My life. For them *
Which Thou hast given Me, for they are Thine,
I pray, that they may strengthened be in hope.
All Thine are Mine, and Mine are Thine ; and I
Am glorified in them. They witness forth
The work that I have done within their souls.
No more am I now in the world, but these,
Father, are in the world : I come to Thee.
Holy Father, keep thou in Thy nature
Those whom Thou hast given Me, that they be,
As we are, One. While with them in the world
Those that Thou gavest Me I guarded well
And kept them in Thy sphere of love, none lost,
Save he whom scripture did predict should fall,*
And I did tell them so when many left†
Me for unbelief, His bishopric lost,‡
Another shall be chosen in his place.
The world has hated them, for they, as

*Psalm cix. 8. †St. John vi. 70. ‡Acts i.

Are not of the world. I pray not that Thou
Should'st take them from the world, but thou'dst keep
Them from the Evil-one—Unrighteousness.
Sanctify them in Thy truth. Thy Word is Truth.
As Thou sent'st Me, I also have sent them
Into the world, convincing it of sin.
I for their sakes Myself do sanctify
That they might too be sanctified in truth.
Nor do I pray for these alone. I pray
For them also, which after these on Me,
Shall through their word, believe, that all be one ;
As Thou in Me, and I in Thee, so they
O, Father, also may be one in Us ;
That the world by their example may believe
That Thou hast sent Me and that We are one ;
Hast love'd them as Thou hast love'd Me.
For this, the glory which Thou gavest Me
Have given I to them. Father, I come.
I will that they whom Thou hast given Me
Also be with Me where I am ; that they
My glory, which Thou gavest Me, may behold.
For Thou didst love Me e'er the world began.
O, Father, Thou of Righteousness, the world
Hath not known Thee. I have known Thee.

Thou hast Thyself revealed through Me, and these
Thy servants, have known that Thou hast sent Me.
And unto them I have Thy name declared,
And will declare it by My Sacrifice,
And through My spirit working still in them ;
That in them that same love, wherewith Thou hast
Loved Me, may fix'd be, and in them I.”
He paused in prayer. With human nature frail
He longed for human sympathy. Unlike
The hopeless slaves, who unto sentenced death
With reckless minds advance, He faced His death,
His willing doom, with broken heart and full
Of grief. He longed for some to pity Him,*
And gently sought this aid. He rising wept,
Then unto His Apostles did return,
And taketh with Him Peter, James and John.
There saw they Him, with head dejected, stand
Some distance from the rest, in dreamlike pose,
And sorrowful exceedingly. Alone
He'd be and with His Father still commune ;
In order of Melchizedeck, high-priest,
To sacrifice for sins of this whole world.
“ My soul is sore excessive, unto death.

* Psalm LXIX. 20.

Abide ye here, and watch, while I go pray
Lest I be interrupted in Mine hour.”
Thus He. A little forward went He then,
And they stood motionless, in dread and fear,
His three well tried and early followers,
Beholding with amazement His lone form
As He proceeded to His agony.
Stillness hovered round with dread, impatient
Of this telling hour of pain. Th’ shade was dense,
And through the foliage the moonbeams pierced,
Thus playing on the sward, made all appear
Like weird habitations where the owl
With doleful note awakes in childhood’s mind
Imagination with her ghastly sprights.
The birds slept softly on the hidden limbs
Of olive bush The breeze played not that night,
Nor dared to moan, while He by suffering
Still learned obedience. All nature seemed
In fast astonishment ; and fain would pause
And do obeisance to His praying soul.
He fell to ground and in His clasped
Hands buried deep His face ; in smothered voice
And accent mournful uttered thus in word :
“ O, My Father, if it be possible

Let this hour pass away, remove this cup.
All things are possible. Nevertheless,
Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, be done.”
Now Satan who had with the first man gained
The mastery, Him for a season left,
Returned again, and in Gethsemane,
As on the Mount, would weaken human will.
But one of those Angelic Ministers*
That favored Lot, and are sent forth for them,
To minister, who shall be heirs of grace,
And to protect the little ones on earth,
And them deliver who doth fear the Lord,
Appeared to Him to strengthen Him in trial.
“Thou foremost Heir of Thy eternal God,
Bear bravely up and to thy will divine
Thy human nature hold in close subjection,
For I and that same myriad, the host
That do to heaven and to heaven’s God
Our service tend, shall minister to Thee.
Nor, shall Thy foot a pebble touch to harm
Thee bodily. Son of Humanity
Our presence heed, and bear Thee firmly up.”
“But for Humanity and for their sins,

*Hebrews i. 14.

Of generations past and time to come,
For the temptation of their Parent first,
My heart is burdened heavily with woe.
My Sacrifice is not mere death. To die
Were sweet, but deadlier to comprehend
The mystery of wordly sin ; to taste
That cup of poisoned concupisence with lips
Of Innocence, exceedingly doth pass
The dissociation of mere natural ties,
And witness to the possibilities
Of mortal sin, of gross ingratitude
Most potent, disappointment to the mind—”
“ Be comforted with thoughts of good, maintained.”
“ It is for love to have but hatred gained,
To see mankind despise the greatest good,
To know indeed the weakness of that race
And furnish them with that they least desire.
This grieves. My soul sinks now in agony.
It feels the pangs that need's must low'r now
Upon the soul of universal man.”
He groaning, groveled in the dust, with dread
Of further pain, more direful than that past.
The sweat of torture burst forth from His pores
And stood upon His brow as beads of blood.

He suffered much : The Sinless for all sin ;
And as we love we suffer, He loved most.
His grief was still—but lightened with some hand
Of kindly providence, so that He thought
Of those most near His side, as if in hope
From them some comfort gain in this dread spell,
The three of all to be relied upon.
Arising, stiffened by the fleshly strain,
His sinews quivered with their pressure born
And thus with weary steps, with struggling, came
And, sleeping, found his three disciples, scound.’
Much grief had numbed their spirits into rest.
He gazed on them with pity well expressed :
“ Alas ! Humanity, so frail and weak.--”
Then to that one, who, boastful of his faith
Desired to follow Him e’en unto death,
“ Simon, sleepest thou ? Could’st not watch one hour ?
Then how canst thou endure, that weighty hour
When that the tempter comes to thee ? Nay watch
And to the Father faithfully make prayer.
That not unto temptation cometh ye.
Thou wouldst indeed bear with Me pain. I find
Thy spirit willing but thy flesh is weak.
Mark then, subdue thy flesh and let thy will

Be uppermost, but strengthened through thy Lord."
Touched by rebuke they answered not in word
But silent kept, still nodding in their sleep,
Unable to arouse and recognize
The fear and peril them did circumvent.
He raised His eyes ; and, walking as if by
Some power directed, supernatural,
He found His way through shade of foliage
Quite unobservant of uncertain step
'Till He had well returned to that same spot
Where grief poured out itself in prayer sublime.
Again with quiv'ring lip and muffled voice
He sobbed in plaintive tone, yet no complaint,
His willingness to suffer if't must be.
" Oh ! Oh ! My Father. If this cannot pass
From Me except I drink, Thy will be done."
His spirit sank in silence, full of thought,
As when our grief is deepest, not in word
Nor look we signify, nor gesture wild,
But give expression in a trancelike mood,
So He, benumbed in bitterness and steeped,
Lay mute and hush, in deathlike state of woe.
The climax of His agony He'd reached,
Thus subject to the Father's will, He willed

That will be done. The quiver of the flesh.
Except, a moment found Him motionless.
In spirit now and in reality
He had declared Himself the conqueror
Of Sin, ; and, of all human instinct Lord.
Self-preservation found in Him a will
Submitting it to passion far more grand.
Then once again in armor of repose,
With step majestic, with peace resumed,
Returned He from that conquest hardly won,
To find them sleeping, veiled with leaden weight
Their eyes, and with reminder gently said :
(His words addressed now more to John and James)
“ And ye would drink that cup that I drink of?
In willingness ye'r able, not in strength.”
Again, He left them. For the third time went
He forth, and Satan three times foiled as on
The Mount of tempting, he would there His mind
Divert from purpose grand to temp'ral power,
Is now dejected in his vain attempts.
This time the Christ, as when a trial is past
And of the two extremes decision made,
Resolved to bear the agony of frame,
With agony of mind compared, most light ;

And, to His Father, thus desiring, prayed :
“ Father ! Thy will be done. I come to Thee.”
With that same calm which did possess Him first
When He on Olivet arrived and prayed,
Now prayed He as if more near the Father,
Or'd passed, in thought, the suffering to come.
The third time came He back, and this the last.
For now the glimmer of the lights, though faint, *
Were in the distance seen, that signaled forth
The deep damnation of a sinful mob,
And rude disturbance of their slumbers deep
Who lay before Him now, not cognizant
Of Him, the presence of the Man-Divine.
While saints do sleep, foul Satan plots his course,
The traitor works his best while angels rest,
So now the plot of Judas waxed its course ;
While thus Apostles sleeping, lay serene,
That hound and his blood thirsty followers,
Impatient for their prey, their foul work wrought.
Their watch now past, their sleep He'd not disturb,
But would in softest voice bid them repose.
“ Sleep on now, take your rest,” The Saviour said,
And rested for a thought* in silent pose

*A thought's time.

Until conspirators and traitor, steeped
In direful cruelty made their descent
To Kedron's banks, and hidden from the view.
"Behold the hour at hand. The Son of Man
Into the hands of sinners is betrayed."
Triumphantly He stood, a monarch true,
Of sin and all defects in human kind,
The Son of Man, and too the Son of God.
Alas ! poor mortals, still in substance weak :
From sleep, some startled, to observe Him there,
With guilty minds, looked up as if for grace.
Thus man will slumber ; 'neath the torch of woe
And little heed their Saviour's gentle voice.
They answered not ; nor, words of utterance
Found they in aid their pardon to implore,
Then He : prepared to meet what come that may,
" Arise ye, let us be going : behold,
He that betrayeth me is now at hand."
They then arose and moved them to that group
That at the ent'rance of the garden stayed,
And He foremost, a little in advance,
Awaited now approach of enemy.

While in the Garden Jesus prayed, and, slept

The others of the twelve, that Judas went
In search of Caiaphas ; those relative
To that his deed also with him he found.
The palace of the high-priest on that night
In whispering silence, filled to dome with awe,
Witnessed conspiracy unequalled quite
In memory of man before conceived.
Conspiracy most vile and with the world
Disjointed and in rankness foul, engulfed.
Conspiracy against the Innocent
The Sinless, and of Righteousness the God ;
Black-rooted in the dregs of low contempt
And villainous intrigue, in envy wrapped
As in the shroud of hissing death, poisoned
By the fangs of well earned rebuke, distrust,
And treacherous attempt. There Caiaphas,
The captain of the cohort, Annas, all,
Were late assembled waiting Judas' time,
And he now in their midst their plans began
To brew. Then Caiaphas to this extent :
“ Gentlemen, all. The gracious Pilate, grants
Us leave in this your service to employ.
Or we ourself, without the aid of Rome
Would Him possess this night in cords most safe,

But lest the people, at our presence roused
In questioning of what to hap' might move
A tumult 'gainst the power which He disdains,
We thought it meet, to let Rome represent
Her action with us in this dread affair
So that his rustic followers might know
That not our power alone, but Rome to heed.
Then go you forth, bearing your arms, your spears
And staves. Take lanterns lest the fox in move,
Most cunning, quite avoid your near approach
And hide Him neath the canopy of night."

"And worthy partners in this mortal cause,"

Spake Annas, graced in flattery, "yourselves
Are equal with us in the honors gained.—

And Judas, let me call you friend, thou son
Of this our southern clime, not like the rest,
By what shall He be known to these our men?"

"Oft' have I kissed, if not in flattery,
His cheek, nor fained to love him much, with arms
Around Him twined. By this shall know Him well
Thy servants, when I kiss Him, and shall hail
Him Master, He whom I shall kiss be He."

"Well thought of noble father. Thus our plans,
If each man holds his trust, shall serve us well."

This Caiaphas, and then the chiliarch,
“ To catch the mother and her young go free
Would be to well insure her progeny,
Which would in after days, like smouldering coals
Burst out in flame anew. Shall none the rest,
Those constant at His heels, be captured too ?”
“ My potent counselor,” so, Caiaphas,
“ We will indeed our object poorly gain
If we quench not the full extent of flame
Which from His mind hath kindled rubbish much.”
Then Nicodemus, fair, with intents pure,
“ But rubbish let us think them until His trial
And we learn more of His intents and plans,
Or else we shall appear in public eye
More than our office shall permit in act.”
Annas then : “ Well moved my worthy brother,
Not one of them, unless they do oppose
You in your craft, shall then be touched, save He,
Their Leader. They, like Judas, now of us,
Shall look with loathing eye upon themselves
Duped so by rebel’s trick, when they shall learn
Like he, their shrewd deceiver led them on
To baffled hopes, and, too, their would-be king
Who, the Messiah feigned Himself to be,

Could not resist the power of Roman rule.”
“ Well thought upon,” so spake the chiliarch
“ But are we sure the place where He’ll be found ?”
“ I as your guide to you will this disclose,”
Brake Judas in. “ I know the place He haunts.”
Then Annas to the band, “ Pray, look you friends
The mystic dawn doth with the moon contrive
Which shall hold first in service to our world,
And soon the populace who now augment
Our walls will be astir and note our course.
Dispatch we then our business at this point.
Be fervent in your service to our seat
And constant to the cause we undertake.
With Him consent ye not to words, lest strength
Of argument you from your purpose swerve.
I shall await you patiently, with praise,
And will reward you for your efforts here.”
“ To serve you quite completes our purposed ends,”
Said Judas, as he led the fatal way
Which brought him later to his dire remorse.
With expedition they to Mark’s house went
Expecting there to take, with cherished hope,
The God-Man unaware. But foiled in this
In angry pace, pursued Him to the spot

Where He and His most like' were to be found.
 They reached the place, and entrance did demand.
 They searched the house, and now defamed that room
 Made sacred by that Institution* there.
 The clanking of their swords, the husky voice
 Of Roman soldiery, the skulking forms
 Who something feared, lest he should slip their grasp
 As when the mob would from the cliff Him dash
 But failed because of unforeseen escape.
 Judas : " Our trap was set. It He has sprung ;
 We must pursue Him then with quickest step
 To Mount of Olives. If we do this night
 The purpose of our act fail to make good
 Our cause is up and we misunderstood."

They left the house and as they vollied forth
 St. Mark took up the sheet that wrapped him bout,
 And followed, quick of foot, bewildered much,
 Alarmed, perplexed to note that Judas led
 These unexpected marauders of night.
 He : " That which thou hast to do, do quickly !"
 Were they not His words ? So He prophesied,
 This night should Peter e'en deny Him thrice.
 All is not well. The foul glimmer of thought

* The Lord's Supper.

Besets my brain with comprehensions gross.
I'll follow, and, if chance shall favor me,
Inquire of Judas, what this tumult means.
If't be, as angry thoughts disturb my mind
With dread suspicions and predictions dark,
I'll hence and note the Christ of their foul play."
He followed closely on, but with the rest
Who wakened from their sleep by noise in streets
And ushered forth in quest of what amiss,
Was checked in strong endeavor, as that he,
Compelled to keep the rear, went tardy on.
All was excitement on that dreadful night
And Pilate's wife whom Pilate had advised
Of his consent, that from Antonio
A tribune and his charge He'd furnished them
For His arrest, dreamed dreams most hideous.

They now had reached the spot where Jesus stood
In readiness to welcome them to their
Appointed crime. The moon looked on with awe,
Night stilled, to listen what perchance would fall
From those fair lips of His, who now, of times
The uppermost to show resistance quick
And overthrow the doctrine He had taught,
Stood on the verge of persecution dire.

Thus spake He, in voice majestic, holding
In reserve a strength surpassing human :

“ Whom seek ye ? ”

Then answered they, the priests and servants all,
Not thinking Him the Christ, but one who stood
Perhaps in readiness to join their throng,
As evil minds think all men of their like,
And sentenced forth in one united voice :

“ Jesus of Nazareth. ”

“ I am He. ”

They, shocked, surprised at voice, moved with some dread,
Amazed at soul so grand, composure awed,
Acknowledging a power of which they'd heard
And partly did believe Him to possess ;
And fearing lest He would by it Himself
Protect and them afflict, pressed further back
And many tripped to ground. Then He again:

“ Whom seek ye ? ”

“ Jesus of Nazareth, ” with fainter voice.

“ That I am He, I have made known to you,
Therefore if Me ye seek, let these go free. ”

Command was this, perhaps, more than request,
That, that, in this might be fulfilled, He spake,
‘ Of them thou gavest me none have I lost. ’

Then Judas, Satan ruling still, in hope,
His Master to deceive; "Hail, Master!" cried,
"Friends are these, whom, to learn of thee, I bring."
And feigning love, embraced Him, and did kiss.
"Comrad,* the crime for which thou'rt come"—
At this, before the sentence was complete,
The enemy with swords and staves approached,
Laid hold on Him and bound with cords His hands.
Apostles undeceived, resistance bold
Did proffer. Impetuous Peter then,
With sword now drawn; "Lord, shall we use the sword?"
And not awaiting answer quickly smote
The high-priest's servant, striking off his ear.
"Put up again thy sword into his place.
They that take the sword shall by it perish.
Thinkest thou I my Father cannot now
Beseech, and He will give me presently
More than the power of angel legions twelve?
But how shall then the scriptures be fulfilled,
That there must be the sacrifice for sin?
Shall I not drink the cup my Father gives?"
Then to the servant, Malchus: "Loose my hands.
Suffer thus far ye." His ear He touched;

*St. Matthew xxvi. 50. *ἐταῖρε not φίλε.*

And, with balm of grace divine, 'twas made whole.
Then to the multitude, "Are ye come out
As 'gainst a thief, with swords and staves to take
Me who did daily in your temple teach?
Then ye no hand stretched forth opposing me.
But this is your hour; and, of darkness, power.
'Tis well. By this the scriptures are fulfilled.
They take me in their pits,* and as the king
They carry me to judgment,† they spread their net."‡
All now was up. And His disciples foiled
In their desire to fight for Him, with fear
Of their destruction, Him, forsook and fled.
Now Jesus, spake no more, but willingly
Was led by them to Caiaphas, their chief.
While on their way, as if for one word more,
St. Mark, in spite of sore resistance, pressed
Through crowd, his way, excited, to the Christ,
As if by chance to free Him from their power,
But seeing well the uselessness of hope
In circumstances quite beyond control,
Thus spake his will: "I would have forewarned thee,
But all men are not masters of their time,"—
Now broken off in speech by angry mob

*Lamentations iv. 20, †Jer. LII. 9. ‡Ez. xix. 8.

Most jealous of their prey, when they laid hold,
Left in their hands his linen sheet, and fled.
Thus Jesus quite alone, disciples gone,
Save Judas, who, looked sore in His fair eye,
Was dragged along His way to judgment cruel.

CANTO V.

THE TRIAL.

The dread night waned, but only to approach
A day more direful in gross circumstance.
The "court" in smooth hypocrisy had met,
Like deadly enemies, at other times
Do meet in warmest friendship when to spend
Their converged hatred in some common grudge,
With Annas at their head and Caiaphas
Not tardy in his place; the elders, priests,
All, ready to, in judgment, so pronounce
The sentence by them now determined on.*
And, so, in busy keeping to convene,
The great sanhedrin wended that their way,

*I make no account of our Lord's appearing before Annas, privately, as Annas may have been in the same place with Caiaphas, and interviewed Jesus personally; and, if at his own palace, no account is given of what transpired.

And Jesus stood in waiting for The Trial,
His guards, the officers of court, all there
Inside a room which looked down on the court.

Two men had, in the glimmer of the moon,
Kept close apace with Jesus and the mob
Which, mocking and with jeering taunts led on
Through streets and alley-way to palace grand,
'Twas Peter, anxious for his Lord, and John,
Both deep concerned in what might chance to Him.
No words between the two did pass; awe ruled
Them in their course, and dread made dumb,
Until they saw the portals close and all
Hid from their view. Then Peter, thus, to John:
"Good brother, what befalls?"

"I know the high-priest, and have frequent been
In his abode. The maid who tends the gate
Will recognize and grant me entrance there.
You as my friend shall thither go with me;
And, we, as common with conspirators,
Together, what may chance, shall well behold."

"By thy good council I shall act, and shall
Conceal myself from their attention, lest
They recognize in me His country's blood."
A signal opened wide to them the gate

And they into that open court did pass
Which centered in the house of Caiaphas.
The portress, recognized St. John, but knew
Not Peter, and, as fell the glare of lamp
Upon his face, she, to herself, exclaimed,
“Is this one not of Galilee? Methinks
I have him, even with this Jesus, seen!”
The charr’d fire, in blue blaze lit the court ;
And Peter stood in restlessness thereby,
As if, with servants all, himself to warm.
Then came the maiden, and, with eyes well fixed
And curious to know if what she thought
Were true, St. Peter, questioned to the point :
“Art thou not also one of this man’s friends?”
Then Peter, well perplexed, a moment held,
And in her face with query eye did gaze.
“I understand thee not. I know Him not.”
She went her way, and Peter changed his place,
He sat him down, arose again, he walked,
Thus much annoyed, by questions so direct.
Then to him came another maid and said
To those around: “This man is one of them.”
And Peter, moved, turned quickly ’bout, as if
Annoyed to be so reckoned with the Christ,

In shortened tone replied, "Nay, I am not."
Again the maid with proof determined on :
"Surely thou art one, thy speech betrays thee."
Then Malchus, him whom Jesus had restored,
"Friends, I recognize this man. Him I saw
While in the garden. He it was who cut
From me an ear, and this same Jesus healed."
Then Peter : "Thou art deceived, I know not
This man of whom you speak. Nor, am I His."
Thus three times he attempted them to foil
In their mistrust, and to avoid their charge.
And now in silence all stood waiting by.
The still night air was then immediate
Conveyor of the few marked sounds o'night.
The house-bird's chirp, the insect's shrilly cry,
As dawn began them to arouse from rest,
Sent far their cheered accent of wakefulness,
And Somnus, soon to be disturbed from peace
Enjoyed in's mother's lap, began to glean.
The echoes of some distant cavern
Then caused by slightest ripple in the Leathe ;
And so, was, too, conveyed the voice of cock
From Fort Antonio, not distant off,
Which to the ear of Peter seemed to say :

‘ Before the cock crows twice ’—Much startled now
He raised his head and at a glance saw Christ,
Who turned Him slowly ’bout, with downcast eye
And tear-stained cheek, traced still in garden dust,
With countenance quite sorrowful and brows
Bedecked with pity for the weak, beheld
The face of that apostle, whom He told
He would deny him thrice. Their glance revealed
The thought they interchanged ; and Peter sad,
With dread remembrance of that Christ had said,
With flowing eye, and bowels with gnawing sense,
From that sad scene of woe himself withdrew
And bitterly bewept him of his fault.
How many Peters since that time have failed
To seal their vows complete, but have denied
Their Lord, three times ? nay more, and thirty-three.
Then blame him not, nor at his weakness scoff,
Lest Pharisaic in thy spirit thou
Fail to, that sense of true contrition, have
And from the temple go down much condemned.
And in thine own strength trust thee not too much,
But ever note the warning once bestowed
Upon Apostle, who, in conflict tried,
Found self most weak, and tempted, fell to sin.

Watch ye, therefore, and pray, lest ye do fall
Into temptation and be self-betrayed.

The high-priest now intent upon some charge
With which to sentence Jesus unto death,
Besought Him privately, that he might call
Some answer forth; the which, perverted, would
Convict Him of a crime. Now in his power,
Jesus was looked upon with dull contempt.

“Why hast thou led about the streets, and too,
Throughout all Israel this mobile herd?
If for some foul intent or, traitor like,
To move the people 'gainst our persons aught;
Or to dispute with Rome her power o'er us,
Pray speak; and, of thy doctrine. That Thou
Taught'st the people the foolishness of forms,
(I pardon thee to prate of forms extreme).
So have I heard of Thee, and, of our laws,
And even Moses, thou hast failed to teach
As the supreme of all the world. And thou
Hast e'en thyself proclaimed to be God's son;
And, truly, did but few days past, permit
The children and they that followed thee, to cry
'Hosanna to the son of David.' Thou
The son of David! aye. Messiah, thou?

Ha, ha, ha, now come: To thyself be good.
Admit, and I shall shield thee in this trial.—
Nay, answerest not? My word has weight.
What, pray thee, meanest thou by being king?
What is thy kingdom?—Nay? Why hast thou not
Thyself in public and in form proclaimed
Thee true Messiah, our expected king?
With pomp and dignity thou should'st have come,
And with the sword made bold to conquer all.”
The Christ His head then raised, and, with an eye
Of pity for the ignorance so full
That did assert itself in priestly form;
And too, with thought of what should be, replied
With mellow voice, and eyes still fixed on him,
His bold accuser: “Openly, I spake
Unto the world, and in the synagogue
And temple taught, where always Jews resort;
So, I have manifested all the word,
No part kept secret. Man must now be judged.
Why askest thou me this? My time has come.
Ask them which me have heard, what I have said.
Behold, they understand? Learn thou of them.”
At this the officer, with palm of hand,
Smote Jesus on the cheek, and raging said:

"Answerest thou the high-priest so?"

Then Jesus, with compassion for the weak :

"Friend, do thyself no harm. Thou servest though.

If I have evil spoken, witness bear ;

If well, what cause hast thou to smite me thus?"

The high-priest then : " We shall await the trial."

Now Jesus who with power had others healed

And had the dead set free from tomb, Himself

Defended not. He came to die for man.

The first gray penciling of early dawn

Now graced the eastern sky, streaked there with cloud.

Was busy she that held her post at gate,

For footsteps, hasty, now were heard along

The corridors of palace whereunto

The leading priests, the elders, sanhedrists

Were summoned hastily there to convene,

And Jewish law and order be infringed,

With testimony false. And Jesus led

They there and stood Him in their midst, guarded

By servants to the priestly cast. Around

Did sit the council all. The center place

By Caiaphas was occupied. The trial

Begun, they waxed most strong a cause to find

To sentence Him to death. False witness sought,

But contradiction quite undid their part,
Until there came two witnesses who said
Most near His words, the council satisfied.
Thus witnessed first to that He said, "I will
This sanctuary made by hands destroy—
And will without hands one in three days build.
"What?" cried a priest, this temple will pull down
Which we have consecrated to our God?
Blasphemy, bold intrusion,—guard Him well.
In this He does Himself an enemy,
Not with us alone, but God, declare."
"'Tis even so," re-echoed voice to voice.
The other claimed He said not that He would.
And so, discordant proved the witnesses.
The trial grew tedious, and Caiaphas
At last, provoked at silence of the Christ,
In rage rose from his seat, addressed Him thus:
"Answerest thou nothing? What witnesseth these
Against thee? Be it false or true? Nay, speak."
The moment's expectation proved them crossed,
For statue like and, in noble bearing,
Jesus stood, graced in silence, held His peace.
Again cried Caiaphas in lowered tone,
Revengeful accent and prolonged voice :

“ Now, I adjure Thee by the living God,
Art thou indeed the Christ, the Son of God ?”
Then Jesus, after silence, break from pause :
“ If I do tell you, ye will not believe ;
And if I also ask, will not answer.
But, thou hast said, and ye shall surely see
The Son of Universal Man, as I
Have manifested Him, his archetype,
As like, I manifested well the will
Of God unto you all, ye shall Him see
Henceforth, the foremost man of all His race
And honored next to God in righteousness.
He in the nebula of Heaven’s sphere
And clothed in love divine shall come with power,
Dwelling in each individual heart ;
Thus, man raise up into his former self.”*
Confused and vexed was Caiaphas at this ;
And failing well His words to comprehend,
Was more provoked ; and, waxing strong in ire,
Threw back his linen clothes, with gesture fierce,
And stamping foot upon the floor, thus spake :
“ He hath spoken blasphemy. What further

*For the text used in the Gospel see Dan. vii. 13. Our Lord here used almost the very words, that might be seen in Him their interpretation.

Need we then of witnesses? Ye have heard
His blasphemy. What think ye now of Him?"

"Guilty of death," responded voices, all.

"And so say I," so Caiaphas returned.

At this, the vulgar ones who served their priests
And heard him spoken of as prophet, much,
Did spit upon His face, and buffeted;
And, blinding well His eyes, did smite Him hard.
Then, jeering, said: "Thou Christ, but prophecy,
Who struck thee then?" Another strikes, "Who, now?"
Like cowardly curs, they fell upon their prey
Which seemed well held in bay.

Then Judas, who with flowing eye looked on
And noted well each movement in the Christ,
Each priestly word did heed, each act observed,
Soul-stricken with his guilt, came tardy off
From foul intents and plot most direful laid
And did himself with reason realize
And comprehended now his vain mistake
When late to recompense for weighty crime.
His flattering kiss had sealed his flattering lips
But well in thought he to himself thus spake:
"The Christ betrayed, what serves me now for gain?
As like a man who does impatient sit

When sunshine cheers the country 'round about,
Who eager for some rain when brightest ray
Illumines the very soul with harvest hope ;
Who, when his storm is come lays cursing by
To see his pastures beaten to the ground,
So I, dissatisfied with this man's love,
Have brought upon my lot the saddest state.
The fork'd lightning of my discontent
Doth strike with sharpest pangs my weakened heart
Till in the shuck hope's milk dries morbid up
And dread remorse doth sear my very brain.
I have betrayed His blood, so innocent
That Heaven's joys to it, obeisance do
And hell with dread of virtue unsurpassed
Shrieks loud, with cursing lip, but, faltering, fails
To conquer what he dare not look upon.
Oh! now lays curs'd seven times my soul
With charges, spent the more, do increase gain ;
And my void lamentation sits dethroned
Beneath the sable cloud of dread despair.
What hope, what succor, what forgiveness stays
For me, the object of all hate ; to them
That love my sin, their grinning scorn, and sport,
While Heaven's fair faced angels pity not

Nor dain to intercede in my behalf.
Curs'd, thrice curs'd they who tempted me,
Thrice curs'd be my heart, which, tempted, sinned.
No! no! Let me not add more to my stain
By sinning in desire for further woe
On them, the enemies of righteousness :
For, guilty, I, who would His mercy crave,
Should rather pray for their deliverance.
I shall the price of his betrayal quick
Unto the priests in temple there restore
Where it was given me. The price! the price!
Nor soul, nor all the world if forfeit made
Could well atone for His most precious blood.
But what remains for me, that let me do,
And I, His further trial, shall see it through."

Oh, go thou to the Christ, not unto them
Who helped thee sin. Of Him forgiveness plead,
Who suffers from thy wicked hand which pierced
With sharp ingratitude his soul of love :
Now pierce it with thy prayers; and though of all
Thou hast the greater sinned I trow He will
With healing balm of peace thy pardon grant.—
But not so now. He unto priests made way
And offered to return the silver crude.

"I have much sinned, in that I have betrayed
The innocent blood." Thus cried he. Then they,
With heartless word, discomfiting in tone :

"What matters that to us, see thou to that."
Then at their feet he did the pieces cast,
Which they took up, and after bought that field
Which was in Hebrew, Aceldaina,* called,
Like beaten cur, with head downcast and eyes
On ground well fixed, he would avoid that light
Which 'bout the Christ did shine, but seen too late
And, weakened in His pace he struggled on
As one denied by God and man, friendless
And unobserved in throng, life's interest lost,
A flatterer quite flattered in his fault.

Stratocles, centurian, a Grecian
Stationed in Jerusalem with forces
To give protection to officials there,
Appointed by the Emperor himself,
And independent quite of Jewry's rule,
That dreadful morning from his dreams awoke,
And much disturbed with turmoil in the street,
Did sally forth in quest of actions strange.
Then Euclides, his brother in degree,

*Field of blood.

Both Greeks by birth but now of Roman sway,
With hasty step each other met and stayed. '
Thus Euclides: "Good brother, He whom we
The other night did hold in high esteem,
With whom we talked and much at His good words
Perplexed, in wisdom and in truth supreme,
Does now before the high-priest stand condemned."

"No! Upon what charge?"

"Of blasphemy.—They cry: 'Let Him taste death!'"

"Now, Euclides, my nerves contract, and blood
That has some thirty years made its bold course
Through channels of this wiry form, beats hard;
My mind doth wax in His behalf, convinced,
It stands, of some disjointed action bold.

No man e'er this did speak as this man spake.

He told us things beyond the grace of man."

"True, Stratocles,—and prophesied His death"—

"Aye, but not by Jewish rite."

"Nor Roman, either, so I hope. But they

Unto the governor have led Him bound,

With arguments most potent, for His trial."

"We'll go, and so advise to spare this man.

And if it be by might or vested right

This man shall by my hand His freedom gain."

“ But, shall we not the people sound, advise
Of this ill hour? Perchance they who did cry
The other morn His favor through the streets
Will now arise and give Him strong defense.”

“ I fear them much. Their coward lips do speak
The sanction of their priest, and now do halt
And hesitate to serve their dread or love.
Ever note, good Euclides, the rabble
Serve in favor of the hour, when 'tis past
The conqueror is proudly graced by those
Who fought t'oppose him while in weakness clothed.
The stronger channel bears their favor on.
And these same Jews who have proclaimed Him King
Will, when they see Him bound, denounce their faith,
And leave Him subject to opposing power.

“ I hold some hope. Mankind is more than beast,
Which, when that his fellow afflicted lay,
Gordes him to death, and spurns him for his fall.
I'll go and move them, if I may, with hope
In rescuing the persecuted Christ.”

“ And I shall unto Pilate go with words
Bespeaking that He said, His mission here;
And, if by chance I may his wife's hand gain
In this affair, his sentence shall speak fare.”

“Well thus determined on. No time left us.
We’ll to our duties quick. Then let’s away,
And strive to turn the angry tide o’ day.”

The sun shone clear about the hour of six.*
Save one small cloud now set in western sphere,
The sky around, unchecked, observed the scene
When issuing from the high-priest’s palace
Went forth the Saviour, Annas, Caiaphas,
Judas, John, the guards and servants many,
All headed toward Antonia, to gain
Commands according to the Roman law
To put our Lord to death. Not by their own
Dared they make good the sentence they proclaimed.
The Christ in peasant clothes, His hands well bound,
About His fair neck rasping rope hung down,
By which they led Him on most criminal like
To that same Pilate, who had years before
Insulted, put to death offending Jews,
Till now, their greatest enemy, to be
Their favoring friend. In Herod’s palace
And in judgment hall they led our Jesus.
The vulgar people of the streets swelled wide
The taunting throng, and all cried vengeance on

*According to our reckoning from midnight.

The Innocent. Contagious grew the cry.
In one hour more they had the valley spanned
Of the Tyropœon. Before the hall
Stood Pilate, waiting, roused from morning nap.
They would not enter there. No, they, so bold
To seek the death of God's most perfect Son,
Declined to enter lest they be unclean
And fail to eat the passover, the lamb
Slain for that rite, but dared to slay the Lamb
Of God, and cause Him suffer the world's sin.
Then Pilate, with some condescension went,
Most haughty at their superstition gross,
When he beheld the Christ in Judgment Hall,
In meekness clad, the victim; while without,
Beheld the fierce expression of His foes,
And asked in peremptory tone and brief:
"What accusation bring ye 'gainst this man?"
Surprised at this, expecting him to grant
Their dire request without the legal trial.
Then Annas to Caiaphas did say:
"Prepare thy charges apt to move the judge."
Then Caiaphas, with hesitation, brief:
"If He were not a malefactor, we
Would not deliver Him up unto thee."

“Take ye Him and judge Him as by your law.”—
Then to himself: “They seek His death, and will
That I shall give the sentence for that deed.
With envy well aroused they would destroy
A righteous man who would reform the mock
At holiness existing ’mongst their clan.”
Then Caiaphas, intent to spare themselves
The accusation of the rising voice,
Should some reaction of the people move
To favor Him, and shift the Roman law,
Would take advantage of their legal check
And thus our Lord’s prediction did fulfil:*

“It is not lawful for us to put to death.”
“Nor, dare I put to death without just cause.”
“No cause shall satisfy as treason’s gross
Attempt the throne of Cæsar to usurp,
Or move an insurrection ‘gainst the power
To which thou art thyself sworn to protect.
This man we found, our nation to pervert,
Forbidding them the tribute money pay,
In opposition to our Cæsar’s rule,
Proclaiming that Himself is Christ, a King.”
Thus angry were the billows that did dash

*St. Matt. xx. 19: St. John xii. 32, 33.

Against the rock upon which Christ then stood
But touched alone its base, not moving Him,
Who was within the Prince of peace, with peace
In true majestic pose so neatly robed.

Then Pilate went to Him: The question put
In pity and with some contempt for Jew:

"Art thou the King of the Jews?"

Jesus: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself,
Or did others tell it to thee of me?"

"Am I a Jew?"—This said with much disdain.

"Thine own nation and the chief priests have thee
Delivered unto me. What hast thou done?"

"Not of this world is my kingdom. If so
Then would my servants fight in temp'ral way
That I should not unto the Jews go bound.

My kingdom is not temporal. My rule
Is peace and love, and in each human breast
My sceptre there shall sway, there be my throne."

"Thou art a king then?—Surpassing Cæsar,
For he may rule the outer man, his mind
He cannot rule. Thy speech seems very strange."—

"Thou sayest it. Because I am a king.
To this end was I born and for this cause
Came I into the world, that I should bear

Unto the truth my witness, to mankind.
And they that hear my voice are of the truth.
They quibble not of worldly things, but do
To godly principles adhere, seek truth.”
“What is truth?—Thou stand’st and answereth not.
’Tis just. I have much heard of thee. My wife,
A proselyte unto the Jewish faith,
Hath often wondered, and hath oft desired
Some demonstration of thy power to see.
Thou stand’st, as thou’dst have me but on Thee look,
And there discover truth. Art thou this truth?”*
“This came I forth to manifest to man.”
The governor, with something awe, beheld
The prisoner, as if in wonder much,
Uncertain of His words. Then, as resolved
Upon some weighty question well determined,
Unto the Jews again went he with speech:
“I find no crime in Him.”
“No crime?” cried Caiaphas, “No crime?”
Then Annas: “He our office hath condemned;
And spake blasphemy of the name of God.
He doth proclaim Himself a king, and would
With Cæsar vie. Another Brutus He,

*St. John xiv. 6.

A Cassius in the shape of Jew. Beware
The people have by Him been greatly moved.
A few days gone and He distressed our walls
And in the temple heard Himself a king
Proclaimed. Nor could we move him to desist
Such acclamations false. He has disturbed
Our festival with jeering mobs in streets;
And, too, in public, priestly acts denounced.
A pestilent fellow. Contagious crime
Breeds from His very soul and spreads abroad
Throughout all Jewry. A dangerous man.
If this be false let Him deny our charge.”
A moment’s pause. The Christ stood silent by.
Each plaintiff to the other looked, with eyes
Red, flashing with dire hate. Excitement blazed.
Then Pilate to the Christ in modest tone :
“ Answerest thou nothing?—Hearest thou not
The multitudinous complaints they bring
Against thee; and for thy death do make plea? ”
The Christ, still speechless, stood in noble mien.
The governor looked on with marvel great,
“ What man art thou, and not defend thyself? ”
Then to the chief priests and the people said :
“ In this man, sirs, find I no fault.”

Then urgent more, with hope determined, fixed,
They cried the louder, and with rage declared:
He stirreth up the people, teaching falsely,
And doctrine most heretical, throughout
Judea, from the coasts of Galilee
Unto this place. A traitor to our church."
"Of Galilee, say you?"
"Born in Bethlehem, in Nazareth lives."
"Let Herod's jurisdiction judge Him then.
To Herod take Him then, let him decide."
To Herod and return, the Jews with Christ
Made hasty step. All baffled in their plans
Thus far, with disappointment raised to ire;
And Herod, foiled in miracle to see.
Pilate: "Ye have this man unto me brought
As one that doth pervert the people much.
Behold, before you I examined Him
And in Him found no fault as touching things
Whereof ye did accuse Him; nor Herod.
He sent Him back to us; and lo, nothing
Worthy of death hath yet by Him been done.
Him will I chastise then and Him release.
For, so it be your custom that I should
Unto you at the passover release

One, whom ye will. Shall He then be your king? "

A moment's pause. The elders much confused,
The priests impatient how to act, moved quick ;
And with impassioned speech among themselves
Advise a plan most helpful to their cause.

At this came Stratocles, quite out of breath,
With hasty step most anxious for the Christ,
And met at court Euclides, foiled in plan.

Stratocles: " Good brother, what good befalls."

" All is spent, for our labor nothing gained.
I questioned many, and with eloquence
Held hope to move, but all were dumb to speech
Or argument in His behalf. Those Jews
Who cried Hosanna, now with priests accord,
And move to have Him crucified. You hear,
Yon burly Jew, with shallow pate, and mouth
Like donkey yawned? The same is one, who once
Was by this good man healed of leprosy."

" Oh, thrice doubled challenged swine, so to turn
And rend the One who graced thy path with pearls.
When will the heart of man learn noble truth
And love for fellow man, and cease to spend
Itself in hatred on its foremost friend?
Not till the doctrine taught by this Wise One

Shall universally possess men's minds,
Devoid of superstition be conceived ;
Then there shall be a change, all crime for peace,
Hatred turned to love, sin to righteousness ;
Then shall we need no law, nor kingly power
To rule, and He alone and His true love,
Our natures changed, shall guide man unto truth ;
True love for God and man shall rectify
Abuses centered in the human heart :
And conscience, ruled by that same law of His,
Shall trespass not on brother's liberty ;
Precepts shall pass away for principle,
Man's will in keeping with the will of God
Shall re-establish Him in image grand ;
Thus from his fall shall He rise up to state
Like unto that of innocence, first had—
But see ! They still petition Pilate, much
Enraged, as like an insurrection moved,
That he with sterner brow looks fixed on.
Then lest he bow to their requests I must
T'him with written message fram Procula.*
With intense yearning they implored His blood,

*Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilate. Her name is given in the gospel of Nicodemus, which says she was a proselyte.

And of the judge demanded their dear prey.
Then Caiaphas: "We will not take Him free,
But bound and sentenced unto Roman death.
Pilate: "One other stands condemned to death,
By name, Bar-Abbas, an insurrectionist,
With them who murdered, taken prisoner.
Whom will ye that I unto you release,
Bar-Abbas or Jesus, which is called Christ?"
"Bar-Abbas," went up the appeal from priests,
And then their whisper went the round to move
The populace to speak for Bar-Abbas.
They, envying this man, will smother crime
And crime increase by executing truth."
His thought was stayed by Stratocles, who now
Had reached the judge with letter from his wife.
"Read o'er this most worthy Pilate,—nay, read!"
"In hand of Procula!—But, put it by."
"No, Pontius, she did implore me move
You read it o'er e'er you did quit this case."
"I'll glance at it. Pray, thou remain. I may
Have need of thee, my good centurian.
This rabbling swarm of Israelitish swine
Do put me to the test. To quell, perchance,
The tumult now abroach, I'll have thee soon

Bring down thy force from yonder garrison.—

‘*Most precious Pontius.*’—Well addressed.—

‘*Have thou naught to do with that righteous man.*

My sleep disturbed by dreams most hideous

Which did direct to injuries done thee

That so unstrung my nerves, with trembling hand

I warn thee in but fewest words. Desist

And spare thyself the consequences grave.

Far more dread mine, than Calfernia’s dreams.’

So short and most important! ’Twas in haste.

Had Cæsar his Calfernia’s dreams held

As grave import, prophetic of death,

He had escaped the hacking dagger’s pain.

And shall I not some credit give to dreams

That touch our person close? The gods look down

And warn us of the evils yet to fall.

Their guilt shall not on me recline. I’ll rid

Myself of all responsibility.”

“Release to us Bar-Abbas, not Jesus.

Him crucify,” proclaimed the multitude,

Urged on by dictates from the elders, priests.

“And shall not release the King of the Jews?”

“No, Bar-Abbas. Thou dost us mock with scorn.”

“What shall I do with the King of the Jews?”

"Crucify Him. Crucify Him."

"Why, what evil hath this man done? In Him
No cause of death have I yet found. I will,
Therefore, this same man chastise and release."

"No," cried they with higher voice and louder

"But sentence Him to crucifixion straight,
Or else all Jewry shall oppose thy power.

We'll have His blood, if not by leave, by force."

"Ho, there," cried Caiaphas, "Hands for your priest
Let not the enemy prevail, but bear
Your arms in favor of our priestly state."

"Down with the power of Pilate, Rome, and all."

The mob, excited, grew intense in voice ;

The angry tumult waged ; and, all astir, .

Moved with that passion seen in wildest fray,

Except the Christ, who stood in silence grand.

"Hold," cried Pilate, stepping forth, with gesture
Fair, indicative of peace. "Stay awhile."

Thus Pilate, recollecting cruelties

In past, in dread of serious complaints

Lest that same blood he shed and mingled with

The Jewish sacrifice would on his head

Recoil and vengeance crave, unlike the brave

And sturdy Gallio who did from his

Tribunal, with all bold insouciance drive,
From guilty state to cowardice, and thence
To weakness, fell; and, blood for sacrifice
More precious than the rest, came short to save.

“I cross you not in your requests, but that
I find no fault, the law forbids me act.

Therefore,”—at this he had some water brought
And in the basin dipped his trembling hands,—

“That I am innocent of this man’s blood,
This righteous man, behold!—See ye to it.”

“His blood be on us,” cried the leaders cruel,

“And on our children.” Thus the multitude.

“Do with these two according as ye will—
Soldiers, obey the high-priest in command.

Proceed according as he will t’custome

Determined on by crucifixion past;

Him scourged, return to our pretorium.”

Kind heaven give us strength, and Thou, O guide,
That did Me first move unto this same task,
Support in weakness now, thus to behold
How they did scourge the Son of God most high.
The Roman scum that served at soldiery,
Then led the Christ into a secret room
Where they Him stripped of that His linen robe;

Bound Him to post with bended back and bare,
And then with angry scourge inflicted pain
While each with mighty flagellum, composed
Of leathren strips, of lead, of roughened bone,
Applied with vengeance for His hated race;
And, if as that Eusebeus does tell
Of martyr's scourged, His flesh lay bare to bone,
His face much marred by accidental blows,
His life almost exhausted under pain.
These soldiers joyed in this. Too coward they
To enter that arena where did fight
The gladiator brave to 'muse the sense
Of brutal Roman at expense of life;
To expend on this, most tiger-like in skill,
Their angry passion to destroy, supplied
The satisfaction which their nature craved.
This not enough, but panther-like with prey,
They fell to tease and torture with keen mock:
About Him placed a cast-off battle robe
Of purple hue. Then cried a jeering voice:
"Here lies a reed, a scepter make for Him,"
And placed it in His bound and trembling hands.
Another thus: "They say he would be cast
With Cæsar. Plat therefore a wreath of thorns.

And let Him wear the sign of Julius
Imperial. 'This will adhere t' His head.'
So, bowing low the knee in jesture well
Of page or courtier to Him exclaimed :
" Hail, thou, King of the Jews !"
E'en now derision, more than thorny crown,
Afflicted pain, and pity moved more grief.
He who did once refuse their zeal to make
Of Him a temporal king, does now submit to wear
His crown and sceptre in humility.
Then led they forth the Christ to judgment seat
Where Pilate stood, once more to plead for Him ;
And unto them who were below, declared :
" Behold ! To you I bring Him forth that ye
May know that I in Him no crime do find."
Then Jesus, so arrayed in mock-king garb,
Came forward too, with sorrow stricken brow,
And frame much wearied under scourger's blows,
And stood with noble calm, and awful pose.
The multitude surprised at jest so plain,
But for their worldly priests, might have been gained
By the Procurator to better terms,
And in His scourging been quite satisfied
And well rebuked at this dread mockery.

But now, as all time gives us weighty note,
Religious zeal and hatred there aroused
Of all man's passions, last controlled,
The Elders, Sadducees and priests, looked on
That wearied form, by sleepless night well worn,
By dread anticipation, sad, depressed,
With thought pre-eminent still for His death.
Then Pilate with some pity for the Christ :

“ BEHOLD THE MAN !”

Oh, guide, oh, angels, help : and Thou, oh Christ,
Mine eyes dry now that I may see Thee still ;
Not robed in Roman cloak, but Light divine,
Not crowned with thorns, but with Thy Victory won,
Within Thy hand no reed but Truth to sway ;
And with these things of mockery let fall
My sins and all my wickedness compared ;
Ambition with Thy thorny crown, displace ;
All worldly cares no longer choke good seed ;
By thy reproaches, love of flattery lose ;
All vanity removed with spittle foul ;
Abuse of liberty from pillar freed ;
Polluted hands, removed with piercing nails ;
Thy silent patience expiate excuse ;
Thy parch'd tongue, all language vile forbid ;

Thy tearful eyes mine clear of lustful glance,
And Thee alone, when cleansed of sin, behold.

“ *Behold the Man.*”

“ Crucify, crucify !” The prelates cried.

“ Then Pilate : “ Take ye Him and crucify,
I find no fault in Him.”

“ We have a law, by that He ought to die,
Because He made Himself the SON OF GOD.

“ The Son of God !” Said Pilate to himself.

He smote his forehead and with glaring eye

Obedyed his former word and, Christ, beheld ;

“ ’Tis true, the gods come down in human form,

And this One bears the sign of Meekness—Truth !”

A moment o’er, this thought relieved his mind

And into judgment hall returned ; with him,

Jesus, led by former guard. Thus Pilate :

“ Unrobe the kingly-mock’ry here bestowed,

And put upon Him that He first did wear.—

There lives in this Man’s brow, something divine,

Or else, all human patience quite surpassed,

He stands a man beyond our knowledge gained.”—

And then in lower tone, indulged in awe,

He to the Christ. “ Whence art thou ?—Speak.—speak.—

Answerest not Thou even me ?—If be

Thou art from realms above, or from the dead,
As like our Cæsar's spirit once returned,
Deliver unto me Thy mission here.—
Refusest Thou to answer even me?"

Impatient, and to less fear reconciled,
The governor did raise his voice. Again:
"Knowest Thou not I have authority
To crucify, and power Thee to release?"

Then Jesus: "Authority thou'dst not have
Against me aught except 'twere given thee,
And from above. He that delivered me
To thee, hath he, therefore, the greater sin."

"Thou speakest strangely. Much I do believe.
'Tis even so, and so the Jews believe."
Upon this, Pilate sought again the Jews
That he might set Him free. "The Son of God!
Said they." This to himself.

Then to the Jews, whose cries still rang with rage,
"By my authority I set Him free."

The Jews with steps and passion, clamoring:
"If thou release this man, it does bespeak,
Thou art not Cæsar's friend. Whosoever
Doth make himself a king, 'gainst Cæsar speaks.
This He has done, and would o'erthrow his power."

“ This Tiberius wears a jealous eye.—
That I am Cæsar’s friend let this be proof.—
Bring forth the prisoner.—Behold your king ! ”
“ Away with Him, away. Him crucify.”
“ Shall I your King, then crucify ? ”
“ We have no king but Cæsar.” Thus the priests.
“ Then take ye Him, and do as ye have will.—
And thou, good Stratocles, attend with guards,
That naught shall interfere with their intents.”
Thus closed that dreadful trial. The Jews their King
Denied, and chose for them the temporal power.
They ceased their Messianic hopes to hold,
In person of their representatives ;
Blasphemed and came to suicide. So, dead,
The corpse of their fair nation, scattered now,
Remains deceived, His second time awaits,
Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Now Judas, hope all gone, with thoughts more black
Than ere he had conceived, might to the mind
Of man, when foul attempts had failed, occur,
Did under his remorse in spirit break,
And anguish buried him in grave of woe.
That, Christ had prophesied, was now fulfilled.

In melancholy, self-condemned he stood
With glaring eye and vacant stare toward Christ.
What He had suffered, suffered he in mind,
Together with remorse of fiendish deed.
He would unto the Christ make now his way,
But guards prevented this ; and, lost in hope,
In prayer spent waning zeal, quite racked his brain,
With reason worn to shreds, with mind diseased,
With comprehension of his truest state,
And seeing in the Christ what he had once
Been taught was there, went out a maniac
Into the field of blood, to end his day :
Which field, the priests, to bury strangers in,
Did after buy, as once was prophesied.*
Here Judas, conscience-stricken, hanged himself ;—
The price of land, the price of sinful pelf,
And ever note our evil acts turn home,
An evil end to evil deeds must come,—
Which conscience, had he been by it first stayed,
But now he finds betrayer most betrayed.
In dying groan, the last words in his mind
Were, “ I have betrayed the innocent blood,”
Last sounded in his ears: “ See thou to it ! ”

*Zech. xi: 12. Compare Jer. xxxii. 6.

And when on that same day, in darkness veiled,
He struggled with uplifted hand in flood,
Could he through liquid flame those eyes behold
Whose gaze he once knew well; and, loving still,
Would now the Christ, with pity for His foes,
That contrite hand clasp in forgiving love?
Oh, can there be in that eternal Love
A love for this betrayer of the Christ?
The saddest character of human kind.
We hope so. He did penance sorely.
Or now, or where he is, or what the place,
Oh, Jesu, save his soul.—We love him—hid?—*
As Thou didst pray,† he knew not what he did.

Let end the mighty as the mighty live,
The cradle of their death be that of birth,
And if in peasantry they bear their state,
In peasantry their grave may equal well.
For what is all this life if gain, some, by
Actions desperate a pomp or honor
In the eyes of men, which eyes shall soon grow
Dim and lose their comprehension of such
Colors grand. What then is all their glory?
Far better may we bear His cross and pain

*No account of his place given. †St. Luke xxiii. 34.

In sacrifice of passions temporal ;
And, from all temporal things self-sanctified
To 'joy the things eternal and of Life.
Thus glory, save but in His cross alone.
So Jesus lived, tempted to earthly reign,
Endowed with power to conquer nations, all,
As in His birth, with much humility,
Of worldly 'vantage, sacrificed them all
To fill his purposed mission to mankind.
The throne of Righteousness established He,
And then in death, more humble than His birth,
Himself did sacrifice, atonement made.
So was His state and so His station grand
In sight of God, that Pilate, now His judge,
Not all for mockery, nor spite of Jew,
Proclaimed Him King, The Long Expected, come ;
And 'bout His neck they tied His title board,
Which read, Of Jews, the King. Not so, the priests
Would have it read, and thus to Pilate craved :
" Write not the King of Jews ; but, that He said,
I am King of the Jews. This be His crime."*
" What I have written, I have written there."
Thus Pilate, then withdrew from further plea.

*The custom was to write on a board to be attached to the cross of those condemned to that death, the charges upon which they were condemned.

CANTO VI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Now on, on soldiers, and you Jewish swarm,
To scenes of agony surpassing grief,
To modes most direful in the thought of man;
On to Carthaginian punishment.
The way was rough, though smooth to inward course,
O'er which they led the Savior, bound to cross,
Unknown now, for cities and their ruins
Since have covered well His footsteps most deep.
Though in the mind that roughest journey lives
As fresh to-day as that same day when well
His bare feet did upon the parch'd stones
Their bloody stain and sacred imprint leave.
How weak, and almost prostrate struggled He
Along His way, by loss of sleep made faint,
Distress of mind, and hunger pressing hard,

Till He had passed without the gate, then fell,
And kissed the earth that trembled 'neath its Lord.
"Shame, thrice shame," cried Simon, from Afric's shore,
And volunteered to lift the humbled form ;
When cried a guard that urged the Christ along :
"If thou dost pity Him then bear His cross.—
Come, soldiers, bind upon this Cyren's back
The wood this Isaac fails Himself to bear."
Onward they rushed ; and, Jesus, partly borne,
They urged with beating and with cruel stripes ;
Excitement offered thus to multitude,
Which forth from city streets and gate did pour,
Until, that place of death now well approached,
They drew a halt, and crucified two thieves.
The Christ looked 'round and on the city gazed,
The tears flowed down His cheek, dark beads of blood
Stood out on brow. The God-Man suffered much.
At this there sprung from melancholy throng,
As well betrays the nature of our race,
The lamentations of the women folk,
For they will pour out sympathy when men
In passion cooled, and dread of weakness felt,
Disdain to seem what man should ever be
The sympathetic friend of friendless man.

"Woe! woe! ten times double woe!" cried they,

"Oh, most pitiful!"

"Oh, most dreadful torture!"

"How terrible for this, our Jesus death?"

"Pity on you, Man of Sorrows."

"Love for you who suffers willingly."

"Tears for the crucified."

"We'll weep His funeral thus, and feel His pain."

"We'll share His pain, if but to pacify."

"Let each our hearts be by His passion marked."

"Upon our minds may ever there be writ

The Crucifixion of this Righteous Man."

"We pity Thee, Oh, Nazarine!"

They clenched their hands, uncovered well their heads

And did not foil their grievous passion moved.

Then from the group of women came a voice,

More sweet to Jesus ear, yet far more sad,

Two words alone, nor more could it express:

"My Jesus."—

'Twas Mary's voice. John recognized it well;

And, quick, with fleetest step approached her side.

"Oh, woman, why come here to witness Him

Who would you spare from this, His mortal pang.

I would have noted you of this, but cared

To spare you of unnecessary pain."

The Virgin swooned, but well supported by
St. John, whom well her son did love, and soon
Was able to reply in whisper faint,

In broken voice, frame trembling as she spake :

"Where should the Mother be but by His side
To whom she once gave birth? What should she bear
If not His dying pang, if pain of birth?

Oh, John, thou would'st me spare ; but know, I feel
His pain in sympathy as He in deed.—

But list! In faintest voice *He* speaks."—

Then Christ, with feeble form, and head bowed low,
With broken utterance, forgetting self,
With thoughts of their welfare, who for Him wept,
And for Jerusalem's approaching hour :

"Daughters of fair Jerusalem, for me
Weep not, but for yourselves and children weep,
Nor me, but for the cause of this, my woe.
Lament ye for the sins of fallen man,
Not less, and for the deadly curse that needs
Must fall on Israel, my chosen ones.

Behold! the days are coming in the which
Ye and your sisters shall well say, Blessed
The barren, and the wombs that never bear,

The paps that ne'er unto mankind give suck.*
Then shall they say, O mountains cover us,
And to the little hills, upon us fall."†
That little cloud at early morn which peered
From western clime, grew now to blackest hue,
Increased in size and covered well the scene
Where eye could view from hallowed spot
By death, so soon to follow, set apart.
More dismal grew the day; and at these words
Of warning as uttered by the Christ, a shriek,
As ghostly voices from the dead, arose.
The guards did even tremble at the sound,
And fainting hearts cried, "No!" Again the Christ:
"If they do thus subject Me, as a tree,
Green, unripe in desert of their vengeance,
How shall this nation, dry, and worthy quite,
In flaw, burn in the flame of foreign ire."‡
Weep not for Thee, and pity not bestow!

*Is. liv. 1.—Some authorities would suggest Hos. ix. 14.

†Hos. x, 8.—As a prophecy concerning this event compare Hos. xi. 6.

‡One has but to refer to the times of Titus to see how thoroughly were fulfilled the prophecies of Christ concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation; how her walls were intrenched, the city razed to the ground, and the inhabitants taken captive and scattered throughout the world. Well did the women cry to God to spare their bearing.

Ah, Thou, oh Christ, would'st here unloose our minds
From thoughts of human weakness or of pain,
And ever with thy will divine, instruct
Us in our true condition and acquaint
Us with that sense of sin, that we may mourn,
Not for that Thou hast suffered, but the cause ;
Nay more, for what thou suffered'st for our sakes.
No man could take Thy life, but Thou did'st give
It voluntarily, a Sacrifice.

They now had reached that place called Golgotha,
And brutal hands Him laid upon the cross.
But spare us now the sound of hammer dread,
As through His hands, His feet, bent to the post,
Rough nails with firey heat and edge, they drove.
“ Drink, King, the cup of Thy most royal throne,
A beverage that will Thy pain appease,
The avenues of anguish will so close
That parched tongue, and agonizing heart,
Which burns the throats of sufferers, be cooled.”
Thus spake the guard, and to His quivering lips
Applied the cup with wine well mixed with gall.
No pity still desir'dst Thou, Son of Man,
From daughters of Jerusalem who did
Through charity this potion furnish oft

To strengthen those thus sentenced to Thy death ;
To ordinary weakness yielded not
Thou, as human nature craves, for Thou did'st
Go to cross not as by sentence urge'd,
But meeting death t' conquer death, did'st go.
Thou went'st a willing sacrifice self-willed.
He put the cup aside, of it drank not.
His drink would be of perfect state of man.
And now for Man when torture was extreme
The crisis of His pain well entered on,
And for His enemies who crucified
We hear that faint voice whisper out its prayer,
While Darkness struggled with the God of Light.
The Christ most humble now and most Divine,
" FATHER, FORGIYE, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO
Thou great High Priest, who by thine Altar stands
To offer sacrifice and intercede,
To spend thyself in service for thy poor,
Look down from that Thy bed of torture now,
Behold my sins that crucify afresh,
And pray the Father pardon ignorance.
Father, of all, the brotherhood of Man,
Thy Father, ours, to Him Thou did'st make prayer,
Oh, may we recognize in this that men

Of nations all, of rank, of kind, are sons
Of that same God, a universal tribe ;
And all in deepest sympathy forgive,
As Thou forgav'st thine enemies, so we
Forgive those who may trespass 'gainst our will
Affection filial. Thy wisdom learned,
May we too, look upon the sins of man
As show of ignorance, our enemies
As friends if they but knew their state, amiss ;
And pray e'en in Thy words when men revile
And persecute, or slander, undeserved,
Or cross us in felicity of mind :

" Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

The third hour* now arrived, His cross they raised,
And on each side a robber crucified :
An old man on His right, a younger, left.
And as in desert when they did behold
The brazen serpent raised on Moses' pole,
And by their faith found all diseases healed,
So Christ they raised, and on Him many gazed.
As by a serpent, sin came into the world,
His place is conquered by the sinless now,
And sin expiated by His death.

*Morning, corresponding to our ninth hour.

The multitude, like rolling flood moved still
 In swelling tide; on toward His cross, and read
 With eyes most constant fixed those words
 Offensive to the general, who fawned
 On bold ecclesiastical pretence.

ישׁע מנצרת, מלך היהודים.
 Θ βασιλεύς ὁ τῶν ἰουδαίων
 Rex Judæorum; scriptus ita est
 Hic Crucifixi Jesu Titulus.

While multitude and individuals
 With eyes upon the title fixed dispute
 Regarding Pilate's insolence; below,
 The soldiers, now according to their mode
 And custom to divide among themselves
 The garments left by those they execute,
 Made choice of His. Four soldiers shared the spoil
 And on that garment, clerically made,
 In ritual pure, without a seam to mar
 Its symmetry, they cast and chose by lot.
 Who gained, let no inquiring mind make quest,
 The garment of them all, most sanctified.
 E'en to this part the Scripture was fulfilled.*
 And furthermore as all things were ordained

*Psalm xxii. 18.

By Law to be observed in types of this
One Perfect Sacrifice, all made complete,
So prophecy in this is now fulfilled.
Then while they gaze, may we with them give note,
Not criticise those words more than to learn
How precious are they to the faithful soul.
King of the Jews ! Indeed from every view
We take. In gilded type we read this truth,
Of that, God's chosen race, not one except,
Nor Abraham, nor Isaac, Jacob, all,
Nor Moses, favored by God's written Law,
With Him compared. Though saints there were before
E'en David, perfect in the eye of God,
Knew not nor realized His majesty.
Of chosen race, more perfect than them all,
He, only, lived a Man devoid of sin.
Thy rule oh Jesu, King of Jews, and all
Who to Thy Throne, the Cross, do genuflect,
Dwell in our hearts, Thy kingdom be there fixed ;
Thy cross our cross to foil approaching sin.

In meditation now, my guide to me :
“ List, thou, oh, list, and give thy heedful ear,
E'en from these voices harsh some lesson learn,
How they in ignorance do thus revile

The Holy One of Israel." In dream,
Or in some state of mind, not as awake
I realized I heard their voices grate
Upon my tender ear, and he, my guide,
Make comment on their words to this extent,
And saw the rabble, priests, the elders, scribes,
In wreckless gate and wagging well their heads
As they before His quiv'ring form did pass ;
Hyena-like and fawning 'bout his prey
With taunting voice and accent angry, one :
" Destroyest Thou the temple and in days
But three rebuild it? Ha, ha, ha, ha,
If Thou canst do it, save Thyself alive."
His hoarse laugh and mocking grin shocked senses
Unaccustomed. To me then thus my guide :
" The Temple they destroyed, in three days rose
Again in form and making, excellent ,
That of flesh and blood composed, more than earth.
In three days on that temple's sight, was built,
Where all Jerusalem did worship God,
His Church, His Temple, ne'er to be destroyed"—
Destroy Thy Temple, Thou, oh perfect Christ !
Cleanse mine of sin and fill it with Thy Ghost.*

*1 Cor. vi. 19.

Another thus: "Art thou the Son of God?

Then from the cross come down." Again my guide:

"Know thou, oh son, He would not tempt His God,

For this He came, from this He would not flee;

But there stayed He that might remain our sins,

For which He died, nailed to the cross, debarred,

And if thou do upon that cross reflect

Thou shalt be raised to cross all passions gross."

Likewise the priests, the scribes, the elders, said:

"He others saved, Himself He cannot save."

"He could not save Himself, for 'twas His will

Himself to give. Thus loving save the 'loved*

That by His death they might have life etern'."

Help, Jesu, us to realize this love,

For greater love hath none than thus to give

His life. May I for Thee my life lay down.

"Of Israel, He is the King—Ha, ha!"

A scornful scribe thus bawled, "Let Him come down

Now from the cross, we will on Him believe."

"With lying lips, they still belie the Christ.

If one should from the dead unto them go†

Their saying would prove false. They'd not believe.

Nor would the will of God be manifest'."

*St. John iii. 16. †St. Luke xvi. 31.

Draw us unto Thy Cross. Thou hast come down
From God unto mankind. Raise Thou man up,
And on Thy cross his sinful nature purge,
And make him once again Thine image, pure.
A priest, in Scriptures versed, the Psalter sang :
“ In God He trusted ; let Him deliver*
Him now, if He desireth Him. He said :
“ I am the Son of God.” This was fulfilled
When He was from the womb of mother earth
Upon the third day raised, delivered so.
The Son of God. In jest he spake the truth.
In that He did fulfill the Father’s will
All nature manifested Him Divine ;
In prayer surpassing human thought, in life
Surpassing man’s ideal, all law fulfilled
And lived the Spirit of all Truth in deed.
The Father’s He possessed.† In Him did dwell
The fullness of the Godhead bodily.‡
Again the soldiers offered Him the drink
In mockery, in jest to serve a king :
“ Drink, royal liege, the cup of kingly state,
Protect Thy realm. If Thou be King of Jews.
Bring forth Thy soldiery and save Thyself.”

*Compare Psalm xxii. 7, 8, 9. †St. John xvi. 15 ‡Colossians.

The young man on his cross with gnashing teeth
In pain replete, with reckless view of death
Held up by stubborn pride, and foolish zest
With clench'd hands and nerves well strained, reviled :
“ If 'Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us.
Or else confess Thyself and die the death.”
The other older and of judgment prime
Replied : “ Dost thou not fear e'en God? 'Thou art
With Him in very condemnation placed,
We suffer justly. We receive the due
Reward of deeds. This Man did naught amiss.”
Did naught amiss ; but, all in complement
To that due course laid out for Him on earth,
In Righteous deeds and sacrificial act.
Toward that same thief the Christ head turned : His eyes
Met His. The sympathy expressed, exchanged
The sinner with the God-Man, God with him,
Then to the Christ the robber made request :
“ LORD, LORD, REMEMBER ME, WHEN THOU DOST COME
INTO THY KINGDOM.” This in prayerful mood.
So, silent, Christ, until a sinner pleads
Then prone to cleanse him from his every sin :
“ VERILY, UNTO THEE I SAY, TO-DAY
IN PARADISE, SHALT THOU E'EN WITH ME BE.”

In Paradise with Thee !—Remember me !
What Kingdom looked the robber for, if Jews
Expected temp'ral power, when Jesus died
With him, as 'mong transgressors numbered He ?
A discourse then from mind to mind without
The aid of speech, him so advised, that he,
(Or else he learned when Pilate learned of Truth,)
By faith did comprehend the 'spiritual.
“ REMEMBER ME,” the thief—so we, do cry.
And with that love for fellow sufferers
Who Him revile, and for the Christ who dies
With us in agony, we plead in woe
That He may us remember. He with love
Exceeding ours, desires our prayers to grant,
And more than we dare ask, reveals a hope
To dwell with Him in Paradise. What then ?
Remember me. Oh, Lord, thy memory
Doth well encompass sinners vile, and I,
Though by mankind despised, alone, cast down,
In deep humility may be by Thee
Made fit to dwell with Thee in Thine own realm ;
And, though I self forget, forget Thou not ;
Increase my faith that I remember Thee,
Then surely Thou wilt well remember me.

Remember me? If I remember Thee.
Then when mine hour shall come Remember Me,
And e'en to me repeat Thy precious words:
"TO-DAY SHALT BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."
Oh, Paradise, whence we do look for hope,
And long to be with friends departed thence,
'Tis there we make abode, sojourning here,
'Tis there the friends we deepest love are gone,
And love them more for being there with Thee.
We think of home, of Paradise to come,
And happy grow our thoughts, when from the world
Our minds seem fast away. Each thought of friend
Or letter laid aside, or motto worked
Inspires us with that hope. Thy words fulfill,
That we with them may be, in life with Thee.—
Behold! thou viewer of this dreaded sight
And see, if aught on earth calls forth from Thee
A sympathy, and tears, compassionate
As this before thine eyes on Golgotha.
Upon the cross our Jesus, Son of Man,
Near by His Mother stands in stiffened grief,
Thus, statue-like, in awe, in maddened pain,
Supported well by him whom Jesus loved,
St. John, who favored Him in lonely hour

By constant presence, next to Him in woe,
His Mother's sister, women bathed in tears.
His Mother! Oh, blessed name, most humane
She stood, as mothers always stand, faithful
In hours of sickness, grief, or death, in faith
Of that revealed to her before His birth.
Love spake with love and sought its fervent way
Through gloomy mist, His eye met hers, hers His,
And sympathy supported both in trial.
With that same gift* He had St. John endowed
Would now endow him with a mother's care.
Oh, most obedient and loving Son
Thyself forget when self would be foremost,
And make provision for the things of earth!
"Weep not for Me—another fill my place.
"WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON!" To Mary thus.
To the disciple, "BEHOLD THY MOTHER!"
Oh! woman, ever watch and guard thy son,
For thou alone can'st train him in the good.
Endow him with thy virtue and thy love
All pure and holy as the Virgin's breath.
And thou, oh, son, behold thy mother, care
For her when she is old, despise her not,

*Love.

For ever note, she is thy truest friend
And that disciple took her to his own.
His own! The Church of Christ, for this his home.
And thou, oh Mother Church, guard well thy sons;
Instruct them in the grace of thy dear Son.
And son, Behold thy Mother Church, learn there
The Truth which He bequeathed to her; there gain
All spiritual strength; and from her breast
Imbibe the Life of Righteousness and Love.
And learn thou of this passion, home, that Love
Surpassing earthly things, and constant be
The sphere where ties of friendship live,
The mother and the son each to behold.
And Thou, oh, Christ, this sacrificed for us.
Receive our all, that we may Thee receive.
E'en from thy mother's side went'st to fulfill
The will of Him that sent Thee. That same will
May we fulfill, providing for Thy church,
This, Thy disciple's constant care on earth.

Nature stays to wait upon great men,†
Much more to serve the Son of Man and God.
So now to mark the dreaded hour when His

† See Nebo on death of Cæsar, etc., etc.

Humanity its service had fulfilled,
As when He prayed for those who crucified
And to the penitent who did confess
In His Humiliation, Glory great,
Afforded comfort, and absolved his sin,
The last provision for those nearest, made ;
With personal connection had raised up
Its fallen state to that of His, Divine.
So now, in keeping with the deeds of earth
The cloud had deepened to a sable hue,
As if dread Satan, to conceal his plot,
Would draw death's shroud o'er all the land around,
And fair Jerusalem in darkness hid,
And Golgotha in blackness buried quite.
To this truth let Rome's archives testify.*
Thus until the hour of nine, Jewish time,
No sound except His blood that kissed the ground.
Fear hushed to silence now the jeering throng,
Nor was the Christ for three hours heard to speak.†
Still, Satan struggled with despairing zeal
Till that the lonely station of our Lord

* Thus Tertullian to the Romans, third century : "Examine your own annals, and there you will find that in the days of Pilate, when Christ died, the sun disappeared in full day, and the mid-day light interrupted." † Psalm xxxix. 2-5 ; Revelations, viii. 1.

Cried out in voice subdued, in lonely pain :

אלי, אלי, למה שבקתני ?

“God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?”

Forsaken, Thee ! Oh, Thou of all mankind

The Sufferer, who, sinless, felt all sin :

Death on Thy cross of woe ; in misery,

In state and majesty supreme, felt that,

Of all else misery, forsaken pang,

Th’ soul in alienation from its God.

Saints witness this with hope of their return,

But oh, for those who shall in future feel

This sense, from God shut out, devoid of hope.

Oh, Jesu, Thou forsaken for my soul !

Teach me, that I may ne’er forsake Thy side,

Though darkness seem to hide Thee from my view,

Give grace, that I may still with Thee abide ;

Let not the power of darkness blind my soul

That I may not perceive and realize

What pain, what anguish, suffering ’twould be

If once denied the presence of my God.

If friends may leave, and loved ones prove me false,

And loneliness come o’er my saddened state,

May these, Thy words, be present to my mind,

And ease my suffering to know that Thou

Didst suffer more. Forsake me not, Thou Christ.
Ne'er may I forsake Thee, but in Thee dwell.
Help me to know Thy Righteousness, that I
May seek to live in presence of Thy Love,
And ne'er to me have those sad words address'd
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" nor I to cry,
When death shall touch my soul with dreaded pang,
"*God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?*"

In angry storm the elements menaced.
Loud thunder rolled and rumbled in black space.
The lightning clashed with fury, chizeling
From cliff, the rocky bulk, dissatisfied
In peaceful lodgement, while the Christ felt pain.
The earth quaked and 'neath her crust hot lava
Belched in hatred of the enclosed confines.
Earth seemed to rock, as cradled fiercely, all
In orb unsettled or in darkness lost.
The veil which in the temple hung between
The Holy and most Holy rent in twain,
Thus signifying what should follow on
The entrance of the Christ to Paradise;
And did proclaim the separation then
'Tween Jewish and the Christian dispensation.
The multitude, alarmed, sought out their way

Toward crowded streets, where gathered in small groups
The populace, debarred from traffic, stopped
In sacrifice by type, which ended here
When that One Sacrifice was made complete ;
And left alone by Jesus cross the guards
Compelled to watch, and now relented much.
St. John, the Virgin, those who loving still,
Feared more to leave, than suffer by His side.
E'en all but they forsook Him then and fled.
Mistaken now, a Roman soldier said,
Who with the rest held guard : " This Man doeth for
Elias call." Another said : " The Jews
Contend that prophet comes in time of death
The soul then to convey to Paradise,
Or to appease in time of agony."
A moment intervened, then Jesus cried :

" I THIRST."

The soldier took a sponge and filled with wine
And by the hyssop reached unto Him drink.
" Let alone," the rest, not so gentle, cried,
" We'll see if that Elias will appear and save
Him from His agony and take Him hence."
"*I thirst.*" Oh, Jesu, this thy dying word?
Oh, parch'd lips and tongue so crisp and dry,

And fevered pulse, such trying thirst knew Thou
That liquid, nor the cooling touch of frost,
Would quench. Oh! thirst more real than physical,
The longing to imbibe man's sinful soul,
Like evening sun, symbol of Thyself,
Apparently draws misty spray, so Thou
Would from that fallen state, the animal,
Once more raise man to that spiritual
Where he again would image forth Thy ray.
For this Thou camest, to do the Father's will,
This be His will and Thine. Draw Thou me up.
"*I thirst.*" Then shall not I, and drink of Thee,
That Living Spring of spiritual grace,
And live? For this alone would quench Thy thirst,
And all mankind appease thy sense severe.
Can I go by and quench with pleasures filled,
With interest of self, with coldness, too,
Indifference, and worldliness, lust, gain,
Frivolity, my thirst for life etern';
And see Thee writhe in pain and thirsting still
For me who crucifies afresh, and add
Thus to Thy woe? Forbid! Draw Thou me near
And let me at the foot of Thy cross kneel,
There list Thy voice and realize Thy word,

"*I thirst.*" Make me to thirst for Thee. I thirst.
With penitential heart and lowly mind,
Renouncing worldly praise, and pleasure false,
May I drink of Thy Love, and drinking quench
Thy thirst. Thus life for life, and love for love,
Help me to make that sacrifice, is gain.
I thirst for Righteousness, the will of God
To do. Give me to understand His will.

List thou! The Christ doth from His judgment seat
Declare the sentence of His work, complete.
The sanguine Husband* to affianced Bride†
His head, His hands, His feet, baptized complete,
Doth signal to eternal age of man,
As priest, His final sacrificial word:

"IT IS FINISHED."

With garments dyed,‡ apparel glorious,
Proceeding in the greatness of His strength,
The Righteous One, the Mighty One, to save,
Treads out His wine press now alone. He says:
"*It is finished.*" The charm of life wound up,
The bloody sacrifices brought to end,
All prophecy fulfilled, the Truth complete,

*Exod. iv. 25. †The church. ‡Isaiah, lxiii. 1-3.

That witness to the Truth most justly borne,
The type of universal man made plain
In true example of original,
And victory o'er sin established well,
The will of God made manifest and wrought,
His perseverance to the end made whole,
The Church sustained, established by His blood.
Finished, the hour of Trial, of Sacrifice,
What more? In truth, that which he taught, lived out.
Atonement made. The Father's business, works,
Completed now, His Will fulfilled, the Son's.
His exile done, He to the Father now
Returns from finished suffering to Life
Most glorious, Humility exchanged
For kingly dignity, Heaven made rich.
The Christ's apportioned work accomplished now ;
Love sacrificed for love, and Golgotha
The magnet power to draw mankind to love,
That Love which did His life lay down for man ;
The consummation reached; the Sacrifice
On altar ne'er before in form thus made
With priest and victim all identical
In One ; the Willing Mind, self-sacrificed,
Cries once for all, to all creation now,

And in the Father's name: "*It is finished.*"
While thousands bled, now bled *The* Lamb of God.
Upon the sign of Sacrifice His Love
Is now entwined. Look thou, behold! fulfil.
Oh, may we so fulfil Thy will, oh Christ,
That at the hour of death we may survey
Our record past, and find all there complete,
All virtues proved, all deeds undone and done
As Thou wouldst us direct. Teach us to live
So that when all is done, we may with Thee,
And conscious of the past, in joy repeat,
Well, well my soul for thee, "*It is finished.*"

The kind head drooped. Though covered now with blood,
Which dried by fever heat, made stiff, His beard,
We love to gaze on it and meditate,
Most precious e'er containing human brain.
Look thou upon those eyes, with brilliancy
Once shone, like precious settings in a crown,
Now blurred with scaly substance and with blood.
That mouth, past quivering now, saliva pours,
And anguish with it flows, devoid of sense.
All pain had ceased; and too, from those same lips
Which first, according to all record past,

Would know how they did seek Him, and did express
His mission here on earth,* now spake their last :

“ FATHER,
INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT.”
The first word on the cross was made the last ;
That, in the mind of Jesus, first and last ;
So let the Father be with us, our all,
Together with the Son and Holy Ghost.
So live thy life from infancy to age,
And for example take the Christ to be,
In Him have hope, see thou His perfect way,
And trust thou in Him for thy Guide, thy Friend.
Behold His youth, His manhood, and His death,
That when thou dost thyself lay down to die,
His words may be thy words, His thought thy thought ;
And let those friends who will bedew thy couch
With briny flow, find peace to part with thee,
To know thy soul commended to its God.
Live so, that in thy death they may not grieve,
Nor wish thou longer stayed from bliss so fair
As that afforded in the hands of God.
And thou not all in death, but life have trust
And with thy voice of faith give back to God

*St. Luke ii. 49.

Thy soul; in His kind providence so rest,
Thy pain with patience bear, no trouble heed,
But, in all learn, He chasteneth those loved.
The animal, the intellectual,
The moral sphere forget, live thou alone
In that spiritual, like unto Christ ;
And in that spirit render up thyself
A living sacrifice unto thy God ;
That when the hour of death approaches thee
And doth with shroud of sable wrap thy form,
With resignation of thy will to His,
Lie down, in life and peace, as to a sleep
Where dreams of Paradise encompass thee.
This do, and let thy parting breath proclaim
This true condition of thy mind . “ *Father,
Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.*”

Oh, Jesu, give me strength that this may be
My portion, my fair lot, that e'en like Thee,
With total resignation of my will,
With perfect love for God, thy love for man,
I may so live, that death shall be for me
The golden portal to a brighter realm ;
And, when I enter there I may, as here,

Commend my spirit to the Father's care.
So teach me all my days to count for Thee
That when I die 'twill be to set me free.
Still echoes down the way of time those words,
The keynote of the Christian faith: "*Father,
Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.*"

The cloud that marked the noonday with some dread
Had passed. The atmosphere grew clear. The sun
In western course shone out in splendor grand,
And, lingering, spread broad its golden beams
O'er Golgotha and lone Jerusalem.
Once more the temple flashed in crystal hue
And joyed to note its severed veil, and feel
The promise of that Easter Morn fulfilled
When that once darkened scene, the city, all
Should be enwrapped in splendor, unconceived,
All woe forgotten in the glow of joy.
The whisper of the Willing-Sacrifice,
Was heard by ev'ry ear, and Stratocles,
In charge of troops, stood by with aching heart,
Relieved when thus the Saviour said, "*Father,
Into Thy hands I commend my spirit,*"
And said to all who stood beneath that cross,
And now stand, all the world beside, all time:

“ This was indeed a Righteous Man—and you
Who gaze with constant wonder on this scene,
And smite your breasts with passion and in fear,
Behold the Seed from which that Tree* shall grow,
And o’er this whole earth shall its branches spread
That Gentile nations, like some wand’ring birds,
Shall seek their shelter ’neath its foliage ;
There find their rest and learn there of the God
For whom they have been blindly seeking since
The fall of man from nature spiritual.
Reflect upon His life, His character,
His words, His deeds, and you shall see expressed
Your ideal of The Man. Still gaze awhile,
And when in meditation grand you lose
Self-will, behold the Image of The God,
His Word, His Will. This we have seen in Him
Who leaves behind the body once prepared†
For that God-Soul to tabernacle in,
While He was that Emmanuel looked for.
Behold with eyes enlightened by this scene,
By circumstances supernatural.—
Truly, This was THE SON OF GOD.”

*St. Luke, xiii. 19. †Hebrews, x. 5.

IMAGE DIVINE.



“ God Created Man in His Own Image.”

Once more my God like Thee,
Image Divine,
Give back Thy grace to me,
Make me now, Thine.
Image of Thee I'd be,
Saviour, I come to Thee,
My will, my all resign,
Image Divine.

Once I did from Thee stray,
Thine Image lost,
Sin ruled my willful way,
By tempest tossed.
Fallen my nature there,
Burdened with grief and care.
My will, my all resign,
Image Divine.

Weary and sad I come,
Saviour, to Thee.

E'en on Thy cross my home,
There let it be.

Create me new, no less,
Sin unto righteousness.

My will, my all resign,
Imagine Divine.

Now face to face I see,
Image Divine.

Thy presence comforts me,
Once more I'm Thine.

Spiritual nature giv'n,
Image of God in Heav'n,

My will, my all resign,
Image Divine.

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